TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 42 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 146

Around Town.

The discrediting of men who are or who have been public idols is not a task which should be undertaken by those with pure intentions unless the evidence in their possession is so indisputable that there is no possibility of some great injustice being done. When the people have loved a man and adhered to his cause for many years through good and evil fortune it is saddening to see his reputation blasted and the judgment of those who idolized him shown to be worthless. We ought always to feel saddened at proof of the unworthiness of distinguished men, and at additional evidence that the people make great mistakes. There seems to be a section of the community, however, which hails with delight the downfall of those who had been esteemed as good, brilliant and patriotic. Apparently they have no greater pleasure than to find that their fellow-man is no better than themselves. Recent developments show that General Boulanger was a traitor to all those of his adherents who did not belong to the Monarchists, and it is related that he declared that when a king should be again throned in France he would not hesitate to imprison his colleagues Rochefort, Laguerre and others, if it should be necessary that his old companions and friends should be sacrificed. It is also said that his loyalty to the Monarchist faction did not extend beyond a bargain for a high place in the army, and such pecuniary assistance as would make his old age much more than comfortable. General Boulanger has been so long laughed at since he failed to excite applause by his eccentric movements that at this distance and from our point of view his downfall is meaningless, but we must remember that he has been the idol of a large section of France, that tens of thousands of men were willing to lay down their lives for him, that he posed as a patriot and was held to be one by those who had the opportunity of knowing him best. He was to Paris a hero, and in many sections of France he was looked upon as The Man on Horseback, the deliverer of his people from the republicanism which is held by the clerical and Orleanist factions to be the anti-Christ of France.

***

Coming nearer home, and treating of a much greater man than Boulanger ever was or will be, an organized effort is being made to discredit Powderly, the head man of the Knights of Labor, than whom no one has done more for the masses in America. Powderly is a man naturally noble; his mind was cast in a larger mould than that of any other champion of the people since Abraham Lincoln. He has not the firmness possessed by the greatest president and the greatest American since George Washington, but his hopes were high, his ambition noble and his methods clean. Beneath the flag of Labor, as uplifted by him, came tens of thousands who fell away when his detractors succeeded in convincing them by meretricious arguments that he, like Cæsar, was an "ambitious" man. Their success in dividing the Knights of Labor for and against Powderly, meant the ruin of the organization, though it still remains possible for the conspirators to be great in a small way, and to rob those whom he had protected. Wherever Powderly went his kind and genial face, the magnetism of his voice and hand-clasp established him in the hearts of those who looked to him as the Moses of the modern flight to a promised land. He taught temperance not only in drink but in words and deeds, and the organization he effected, if it never raised the wages of one of its members must at least have done much to enlarge the ideas of the workingman as to his duty and his possibilities. At the time of his greatest prosperity, had he so desired, he could have effected by violent means a revolution in America, but he counselled peace. Opportunists, unhindered by his noble instinct, but swayed by baser motives, counselled those things which he denounced and have so organized themselves and kindred spirits against him that the day of his power seems drawing to a close. Taking advantage of this dark moment in a splendid life powerful railroad corporations are employing the basest means to bring about his immediate downfall. I for one can never be made to believe that for a single instant Powderly was in the remotest degree an accessory, or ever assented to the idea of train wrecking on the New York Central. It is one of the villainous devices of his enemies to turn public sympathy against him and the Knights of Labor. I have not the slightest doubt that the New York Central and Pinkerton's men have been at the bottom of all or nearly all so-called attempts to wreck trains. The prejudiced and the thoughtless, however, will believe with the conspirators rather than with the man who has always struggled with all his great and worthy manhood and by righteous methods to uplift his fellow workmen.

***

Those who endeavor to do right must expect not only divisions in the ranks of those they try to benefit but calumny and perhaps destruction from those they oppose. I think so few reformers succeed because they expect too much. The reformer who accomplishes most is the man who expects nothing during his lifetime but abuse and obloquy. If there was no greater meaning in Christ's life on earth than to teach us that there is nothing more glorious than to be despised of men and to be slain by bigots it would still be the greatest lesson ever taught. If Powderly had insisted on receiving nothing but a workingman's pay he would have escaped much misrepresentation. If he hoped for nothing greater than the end which is likely to come to him—as it has come to many an honest employe before now—a contemptuous discharge by the master whom he had served, he would feel no disappointment. I am not comparing him with Boulanger. One is a reformer and the other a mere politician I cannot read the many of its phases as the most bigoted Romanism ever was. In these columns I have quoted instances where children have followed priests along the street calling them filthy names, and when the priests have in turn followed the child to its home and made complaint they have been threatened with personal castigation if they did not leave the premises. The devil himself could not invent anything dirtier than the persecution of grown people by the unwashed children of bigotry. The whole trouble seems to arise from the narrowness which makes people unable to separate religious dogma from the rules of citizenship. There is in orthodox Protestantism as well as in rigid Roman Catholicism a tendency to teach that those who are not in the faith are children of perdition. We do not need to seek a reformer to establish rules in spirituality superior to such incendiary doctrines, but a greater than any who can arise as an evangelist of better things has told us to love our neighbor as ourselves. This is not a question of doctrine, or heaven, or hell, or purgatory, but of citizenship, that no matter who our neighbor is or what he may believe, we must think of him as we think of ourselves. A great many of our Protestants appear to consider it a holy thing to bring up their children in the belief that none but those within a certain fold can inherit the kingdom of heaven, and, consequently they are unfit to be let live anywhere. Let me call attention again to the fact that the whole trouble arises out of a failure to separate the established basis of good citizenship on earth from the somewhat controverted definition of the right to inherit the kingdom of heaven. Even the Equal Righters and that religious faction which hold that religious instruction should be given in the public schools, and that Catholics must submit to this or go without education, have failed to separate citizenship from church membership.

***

If we want peace in Toronto—in Ontario, in Canada—we must separate this teaching of dogma from the teaching which is calculated to produce good citizenship. A law compelling children to attend school has been enacted, not for the child's spiritual benefit, but that he may grow up a good citizen, able to read and write and understand the morals upon which our laws are based. So long as a certain section of our Protestant spiritual advisers insist upon mixing religion, as they estimate it, with citizenship, which is a definite thing, so long shall we have these troubles, these assaults of one school upon another, the braying of religio-political asses and agitators, the feuds and fights and riots, the stone-throwing and dirt-pelting of the ignorant.

***

Worse still, the Catholic clergy, encouraged by the doubtful position of Protestants, are insisting upon civil rights which are in entire opposition to the letter and spirit of British law and usage. Cardinal Taschereau refused to go to a dinner given to Prince George because he could not sit next to him as a prince of the church. The cardinal no doubt lost a good square meal, which is unimportant to him, but we gained a knowledge of the desire of these prelates to usurp a position which is not theirs. Of course we understand that the Cardinal is not egotist enough to imagine himself better than other Canadians; but we understand that he desired to have it demonstrated that the church is superior to the state in temporal affairs. Having shown us the attitude of the church, if he has ordinary ability and not too hearty a contempt for us, he must understand that we will seek to demonstrate that the church has no such place, neither his church nor any other church, though in the Good Book there is only one church and from the way some of these people act we have reason to suppose that they do not belong to it.

***

The task of the venal journalist must be a disagreeable one. When a man who understands the situation and appreciates the public needs, and has an eye for the necessities of the city's future, sits down and writes a partisan article in which the concealment of the facts and an attempt to incite the ignorant are the chief features, he must lay down his pen or pencil, whichever it may be, with a disgust of himself or a wider and more disastrous contempt for his fellow-man, which in either case is sickening. The advocates of the designs of the C. P. R. to seize thirty odd acres of our water front in the center of the city have an unpleasant and malodorous job. The more unscrupulous of the two principals does not hesitate to declare that those who desire a proper settlement of this matter are opposed to the entrance of the C. P. R. into Toronto. This is a barefaced and unnecessary mis-statement. The C. P. R. has now an entrance down the Don, and another into the Union Station. The matter in dispute is whether they shall have possession of that large block of land between York and Yonge street. No one desires to keep them out of Toronto. They can come along the Esplanade and take possession of even a larger track west of York street. They haven't been misled. What they have done in the acquirement of property, in the working of their scheme through the Council and the Chief Magistrate of Toronto, has been done on the sneak. Why should they or their advocates play the baby act? A widow or an orphan could come into court and plead before public opinion that she had been innocent, uninformed and ill-advised, but the C.P.R cannot occupy any such position. They haven't been innocent, inasmuch as they have laid their pipe with consummate skill. They haven't been ill-informed, as they have had the best lawyers in the Dominion of Canada to prepare their plans! They have not been misled but misleading, and it is late in the day for them to set up in defence of their unrighteous and unwarranted seizure of the public domain any balderdash in the shape of promises, expectations and assurances. The C.P.R. does not build its line on any such trestle work. If they have been content with this it has been for a purpose. They know their business. They have outwitted the city in a great many respects. In such respects as they have not outwitted the city we have a perfect right still to resist. In order to shorten their line from Montreal they asked us to permit such a building of tracks as will perhaps shorten the lives and mangle the remains of many of our citizens. They say they have been badly treated. In what instance have they given us even what the law allows? The Grand Trunk, which is a sinner of longer standing but with less ambition, has acquired such apparent rights in the city that neither life, limb nor the pursuit of happiness is safe within their precincts. The C. P. R. demands that it shall be placed on the same basis or it will cry out that it has been unjustly used. The Grand Trunk has murdered our citizens on its level crossings in defiance of its agreements and all those statutes made and provided. It is in the saddle and it is hard to dismount it. Is it therefore necessary that we should permit another aggressor which rules with even a harder hand and fights with a stubborn persistency which the Grand Trunk never knew.

***

It is said that we are using the C. P. R. unkindly. From the Canadian people they have received about a hundred million dollars in subsidy. If there are five millions of people in Canada, fully twenty dollars a head have been paid to bring this corporation into existence. Of this Toronto has paid more than four million dollars. We have bonused the lines centering here, enormously, and the C. P. R. has absorbed them. They have an entrance to the city, and they have been permitted to come down the Don. No one denies them permission, regulated by such constraints as shall be applied to all railways now and hereafter, to come along the water front. Shunting grounds aggregating thirty-five acres are at their disposal west of York street, yet they say we are trying to keep them out of the city. It is an impertinent untruth! They are in Toronto now and can come in from the east on such terms as public safety and the railway policy of Toronto should dictate.

***

Chief Justice Armour is known not only as an eminent judge but as a man of very strong opinions, and those who appear in his court are frequently dismayed by the strong views which he sometimes expresses before any evidence is heard. He has recently been posing as a "man of the world," and as such was inclined to the belief that the word of a notoriously bad woman is sufficient to cause the police to break into the house of an innocent family and put them to the shame of being arrested. This is not the first time that Chief Justice Armour has taken this view, but I never before heard of him publicly declaring himself a "man of the world." What is a "man of the world?" All men who live on this sphere are men of the world in a planetary sense, but the claim of his lordship is certainly larger than this. Presumably he means that he knows the world—*le monde et le demi-monde.* He could not be a "man of the world" if he knew *le monde* only, and it is probably by sitting in judgment upon it that he has learned to understands the other half. But beyond his experience as a judge he apparently poses as an observer who has seen everything and a connoisseur who has tasted everything. Probably it is this wide experience coupled with his well-known judicial ability which has won for him the high place he so worthily occupies. There was an axiom in the old Roman law that none but those who could weigh the temptation could judge the guilt. Very well. There is somewhere else a saying that those who have joined in the guilt should never sentence the guilty. However, it would be inconvenient to multiply axioms. That a man's house is his castle has been generally received as true, even though "men of the world" have held a contrary opinion. The judgment of Man-of-the-World Chief-Justice Armour may possibly be alarming to all those who know little of the workings of the somewhat startling system of jurisprudence of which his lordship is so distinguished an advocate. I don't know whether I am a "man of the world" or not. From his lordship's legal point of view I imagine I am not, but it strikes me that if a profligate woman is to be held able by her unsupported statement to cause the police to break into the house of an innocent family, those who make the laws must consider this a modern Babylon. Those who believe otherwise are possibly not "men of the world" or "women of the world," as the case may be, and their ignorance perchance debars them from speaking authoritatively. It seems to me that home life would be rendered very unsafe and blackmailing an exceedingly profitable profession if

A SPIN IN THE PARK.

all judges were to hold with Chief-Justice Armour. An old poet once wrote in effect that the kiss of a scarlet woman was poison and her vows perdition. Possibly, as a "man of the world," his lordship would have honest people take out a license and be tagged like the dogs, the newsboys and bootblacks, so that if decency ever gets any one into trouble, he shall not be punished any more severely than the circumstances warrant. Until such necessary regulations are enforced, it would be just as well for honest people to keep a shot gun with which to receive the police if they endeavor to raid a house occupied by those who have committed no offence. The man, whether he be constable or tough, who breaks in the door of an honest home may be properly shot in the attempt and in the heart as well. British law upholds this, and even "men of the world" cannot get around it.

DON.

Social and Personal.

An Australian correspondent sends me the following interesting account of how Canadians celebrate Dominion Day in Australia: Although separated from icy Canada by the broad Pacific the Canadians in Australia do not forget their National Day. For recent years they have become a recognized body, known as the Canadian Society of Victoria, which was formed three years ago, with the Hon. Simon Fraser, M. L. C., formerly of Nova Scotia, as president. The object of the society is the promotion of the friendly, social, literary and commercial interests of Canadians residing in or visiting the colony of Victoria. The badge of the society, which is worn on all public occasions, is the maple leaf of Canada, artistically formed in silver. Dominion Day has just been celebrated by the holding of the third annual ball in the Freemasons' Hall, Melbourne. This year our president, Mr. W. B. Hoffman, defrayed the whole expense, generously devoting the gross proceeds to the hospitals of this city. The success of the gathering was in a large measure due to the efforts of Mr. C. McLeod, who is a late arrival from Toronto and represents one of the largest manufacturers in your city. He has, by his enthusiasm, shown to the citizens of the Southern metropolis what activity is, infused with Canadian blood by the bracing air of the Dominion. Mr. White, late of Ontario, junior vice-president, and Mr. A. Somerville, also a Canadian, supervised the decorations of the hall which were of a most elaborate character. The Canadian shield occupied a prominent position having the flags of Britain, Canada and Australia on either side. This was the first occasion on which the Canadian flag has been displayed here. The names of the three chief cities, Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal, were displayed on the remaining sides of the hall which with evergreen, bunting and flowers formed a very pleasant spectacle. Visitors were unanimously of the opinion that for the unique character of the decorations the general effect has never been surpassed by any ballroom in the city. The programme was of a very artistic design, and bore an embossed impression of the maple leaf in the corner. It contained twenty-six dances set to the newest and most appropriate music which was rendered by a first-class band. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Hon. Simon Fraser, M.L.C., Messrs. G. B. B. Elliott, W. M. White, E. H. Williams, M.D., C. McLeod, A. Somerville, W. Spottiswood, W. Stutt, C. W. Weber, J. K. Blogg, R. Lormer, H. D. Fleming, Charles Quiggin, W. H. Sardey, W. Quiggin, A. F. Spaun, U.S.A. The programme opened with a grand march, followed by a quadrille in which the following couples took up their positions in the chief set, viz. Mr. Hoffman and Miss Elliott, Mr. White and Miss McLeod, Mr. McInnis and Miss Quiggin, Mr. Somerville and Miss B. Hoffman, Mr. Elliott and Miss Hoffman, Mr. McLeod and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Spaun and Mrs. Somerville, Dr. E. H. Williams and Miss E. Elliott. The dancing was kept up till an early hour in the morning, and was generally acknowledged by all present to have been one of the most enjoyable balls of the season.

The following description of the ladies' costumes would doubtless be of some interest to our fair Canadian friends, who, we are sure, would agree with us that to bask in the sunshine of the smiles of their Australian representatives, and to experience the sweet influence of their beautiful presence was indeed a pleasure, and recalls to our memories many such delightful hours spent in the same manner with our dear Canadian friends. The Misses Hoffman wore dresses of a faint pink *soie de chine*; Miss Elliott, blue silk with trimmings of lace; Miss E. Elliott, a Greek costume with gold trimmings and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Ingham, silver tissue over mauve surah, with a fringe of mauve flowers for foot trimming and a corsage decoration of the same blossoms; Mademoiselle Bibron, foam green faille draped with lace to match and a gold fillet in the hair; Mademoiselle Bernard, shell pink surah, bodice trimming of green plush and lily of the valley; Mrs. Chapman, black merveilleux draped with lace and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Williams, ivory white corded silk with rich lace caught with diamond ornaments; Miss Quiggin, trained gown of cream brocaded satin with rich embroidery of gold; Miss E. Quiggin, white silk gown in Grecian style; Mrs. H. Fleming of Sidney, N. S. W., white corded silk with trimmings of lace and pearl ornaments; Miss C. McLeod, canary colored satin draped with heliotrope gauze and trimmed with yellow poppies, diamond necklace; Miss B. McLeod, white satin draped with embroidered crepe lisse and trimmed with pink orchids; Mrs. McLeod, black moire trimmed with gold embroidery and black lace; Miss G. Elliott, black velvet and Russian net with jet trimmings; Miss Spaun, white silk gown in Grecian style with gold trimmings and sapphire ornaments; Miss Graham, crimson plush and diamonds; Miss Moore, white empire gown with wide silk sash; Miss Corley, white silk with swansdown trimmings; Miss Stinson, gown of sea green with pearl ornaments.

Prince George and Admiral Watson arrived at Montreal on Tuesday. Their welcome was a loyal and hearty one.

Sir James and Lady Grant of Ottawa were in town for a few days this week.

The Governor-General and suite passed through the city Wednesday evening on the way to Sarnia. The especial attraction there was the St. Clair tunnel.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen were in town on Tuesday and spent the greater part of the day at the exhibition, which the Duke formally declared open. The universal opinion was that they were a handsome couple, who displayed excellent taste in dress. In the evening a dinner was given at Government House in honor of the distinguished visitors. The guests were: Hon. O. and Miss Mowat, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Commander Law and Mr. H. J. Scott.

Mrs. and Miss Dyckman of New York are the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chesnut Park.

Miss Marjorie Campbell has returned from Halifax.

Mrs. Cameron is in the city once more after her lengthened stay abroad. I hear that the residence on Carlton street is to be enlarged, and that Mrs. Cameron will be one of the most popular of hostesses during the coming winter.

A very delightful tennis afternoon was given on Saturday last by Mrs. Percival Ridout at her handsome home, Rosedale House. Among those present were Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Miss Shanly, Miss Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. Allan Cassels.

Mrs. and Miss Leys of Jarvis street are home again from St. Andrews, N.B.

Mr. Morrow and Major Harrison have returned to the city after a visit to Saratoga.

Mrs. James Foy and family have returned from Rimouski, Que.

Mrs. John Foy is home from Niagara-on-the-Lake.

At the Academy on Monday night I noticed quite a number of those who have settled down to the amusements of the winter in town. One box was occupied by Commander and Mrs. Law with Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford. In another I noticed Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Foy and Miss Smith. There were also present Judge and Mrs. Ferguson, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Miss Rutherford, Mr. Wallace Jones.

Mrs. Cameron of Cecil street is home from Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb of Avenue road have returned to the city after a trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Peake's Island, Boston, Rochester and Ontario Beach.

Mr. Lancelot Bolster, who is doing the continent, intends returning about the beginning of October. He is at present visiting the birthplace of his forefathers, and is the guest of his cousin, Sir George B. Owens, formerly Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), Miss Frances and Master Frederick Harrison, returned to town last week from Bayview House, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Major and Mrs. Bennett have returned from a very pleasant trip to St. John, N.B.

The Misses Macgregor of Kansas City, formerly of Toronto, are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Miss Macgregor of Simcoe street.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson and family have returned from their summer residence at Sturgeon Point, near Lindsay.

Chalmers' Church in Guelph was the scene of a very pleasing matrimonial event on Wednesday last, when Mr. James Scott of Toronto and Miss Jessie Guthrie were wedded. The officiating clergymen were Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal, and Rev. Thomas Wardrope, D.D., pastor of the church. The groom was attended by Mr. George R. Hoffecker of Wilmington, Del., and the bride was followed by the Misses Scott, Brodie and Morris of Toronto, Miss Hobson of Hamilton, and Miss Evelyn Guthrie of Guelph. After a reception at the home of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for a tour in the eastern states. Upon their return they will reside in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Milligan have returned from Thousand Island Park.

Mrs. George Crawford of Church street, who has been at Old Orchard Beach, is home again.

Mrs. E. O. Bickford and Miss Bickford have returned to Gorevale after a lengthy residence abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Ward of Stockport, England, have been spending several days with their old townsman, Mr. Joel Hallworth of Sackville street.

Miss Marie C. Strong, who has been spending her summer vacation with her sister, Mrs. Flood, at Fairmount Villa, Paisley, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Graham of Winnipeg are the guests of Mrs. McDermid of Jarvis street.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most delightful events of the season—a very largely attended garden party, representative of the fashion and beauty of the town—was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. John Lewis, at her beautiful summer residence, Rowanwood. From half-past four to five a line of cabs and carriages wended their way up the broad, winding avenue leading to the handsome white stone house which, almost lost in the midst of huge, old spreading forest trees, is one of the loveliest the town can boast. Groups of threes and fours, in light, dainty attire, alighted before the wide stone entrance, where the charming young hostess stood to receive and welcome her guests. The lawn was already dotted over with about thirty or forty children, who had arrived earlier and were making the grounds echo with their merry laughter and games, foremost among them being their youthful hostess—the quaint little golden-haired daughter of a friend of Mrs. Lewis' who has been spending the summer with the latter, and in whose honor the children of some of the older guests had been invited. Chinese lanterns, in readiness for the evening which came all too soon, were festooned in long, gracefully drooping lines from tree to tree, forming in the center of the lawn a wide triangle which, later on, framed in the supper table, which, amid a pyramid of beautiful flowers, were temptingly arranged every delicacy which the imagination of a thoughtful hostess could suggest. Gay Chinese lanterns also encircled the pretty little arbor in which the band was stationed, and which contributed very materially towards making the occasion one of the gayest and most pleasant of the season. Among the many present I noticed the following: Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Henry Garrett, Miss Constance Hewgill, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss E. Shanklin, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Paffard, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Miss Madeline Geale, Miss R. Geddes, Mrs. Ramsay of Glencairn, Queenston; the Misses Strathy, Mrs. Livingstone Lansing, Miss Cameron, Miss Rye, Mr. T. Chisholm, Miss Theresa Watt, Mrs. F. M. Morson, Mrs. W. H. Dickson, Dr. and Mrs. Halliday Watt, Mrs. Winnett, Dr. H. L. Anderson, Miss Winifred Kingsmill, Miss Annie Anderson, Miss May Wilkinson, Miss B. Strathy and Miss A. Paffard. Among the little ones present were: Miss Floss and Master Hamilton Garrett, Miss E. and Master Dexter Ramsay, Miss Daisy Lansing, Miss Mary Garrett, the Misses Edith and Viola Geddes, the Misses Lucy and Marion Wilkinson, Miss Lilian Anderson, the Misses Ina, Edith and Ella Winnett, Miss Clara Brown, Miss Louise and Master Edgar Watt, Miss Kathleen Denison and her lovely little curly-headed sister, Miss Annie Kingsmill, Master Paul and Master Kingsmill, Miss Ethel Strathy, Miss Sara Lansing, and the little Misses Macklem of Chippawa. The guests departed about eight o'clock after a most enjoyable and delightful afternoon.

No hop was held at the Queen's on Saturday evening last, greatly to the disappointment of the young people who had hopefully looked forward to at least one more before the season closed. Desolation is beginning to descend upon the hitherto gay little town, and ere soon will entirely have enfolded the place preparatory to its long winter sleep. The Queen's Royal Hotel closed last Monday. The Hotel Chautauqua closed on Tuesday, and within these the houses of a number of families who have been spending the summer in town. Many of the quaint, picturesque little cottages at the Chautauqua, all of which have been occupied during the season, are closed and deserted, giving the place a most dreary and desolate appearance.

Mr. T. Chisholm, who has been spending his holidays here, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Rev. F. M. and Mrs. Baldwin, who have been the guests during the past few weeks of Mrs. Morgan Baldwin, returned to their home in Aylmer last Friday.

A few of those from the city who spent last Sunday in town were Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mr. H. H. Bowes, Mr. Noxon, Mr. Walter Beardmore and Mr. Alex. Colquhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Beardmore and family, who have been occupying Mr. Howland's beautiful little cottage at the Chautauqua during the summer, returned to Toronto last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fabian of Toronto, Miss Constance Hewgill of St. Louis, and Mrs. Butler of Paisley, have been the guests during the past week of Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, at the Willows.

Miss Emily Shanklin of Toronto has been spending a few days with Mrs. D. B. Macdougall.

Miss Katie Wilcox of Thorahill is the guest of Miss Beaven.

Madam Von Eltz of Austria, a lady with a very sweet, lovable face surrounded by short grey curls, who plays the piano exquisitely and speaks broken English with a soft, quaint German accent, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss J. Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingles, who have been occupying one of Dr. George Warren's cottages on the river bank during the summer, returned to their home in Parkdale on Tuesday.

Mr. Walter A. Geale, who has been spending the summer in various parts of England, arrived home for a day or two this week, returning to New York on Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Arnold of Chicago has been spending a few weeks with relatives in town. He returned to his home last Saturday.

Mr. Ernest Ball of Toronto, who a year or two ago was one of Niagara's best cricketers, is spending his holidays with friends here.

GALATEA.

OTTAWA.

Mr. E. H. Fletcher of Victoria, post office inspector for British Columbia, on Thursday led to the altar Miss Sarah Scott, second daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott. Owing to the recent death of Mrs. Scott, grandmother of the bride, the event was very quietly celebrated, only the nearest friends and relatives of the family having been invited to witness the ceremony.

Ottawa's pretty little rural suburb yclept Britannia-by-the-Lake was *en fete* on Monday night, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Howe. Fully two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen from the city, together with the villagers, responded to the invitations and a most successful evening's entertainment was the result. The Guards' string band supplied music for the dancers who glided over the well-waxed floors to the many dance until long after midnight. The affair being a "tin wedding," that metal was predominant, both among the thousand and one presents and on the persons of the revellers. The ladies wore shoe buckles and other ornaments of this silvery ore, while the gentlemen were resplendent in breastpins, watch chains, and even neckties of the same material. The wedding cake was a most imposing structure, four stories high and very properly made of tin. Among the gifts was a set of spoons with the family crest on them standing in an elegant holder. A *recherche* supper was given at the witching hour after which dancing was kept up until 3 a.m. The occasion was a memorable one and a fitting wind up to the Britannia season.

Nearly the whole congregation of St. Alban's church remained on Sunday evening, after service, to hear the organ recital by Mr. H. Collyer Grounds of England, the recently appointed organist. Mr. Grounds opened with an artistic rendering of Hesse's Variations in A, followed by the well-known and ever popular March of the Priests, from Athalie. The gem of the evening, however, was a masterly rendition of Chopin's exquisite Funeral March.

At the birthday party of Miss Jennie Tremblay, held at Mrs. Edmondson's house, Wilbrod street, a few evenings ago, that young lady was the recipient of a costly gold necklace and bracelets. An enjoyable evening, devoted to dancing, followed.

Miss Perreault, daughter of Ald. Perreault of Montreal, who has been visiting in the city at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. St. Didier, was on the evening prior to her departure, tendered a farewell party by her relative, at which a large number of young ladies and gentlemen were present.

Mr. G. B Ryckman, son of Rev. Dr. Ryckman of the Dominion Methodist church, has passed his final law examinations in Toronto with more than ordinary success, taking his degrees of solicitor and barrister, and winning the society's gold medal in the honors examination.

Mr. G. H. Bethune, of the Quebec Bank branch at Toronto, is in the city on a visit to his relatives. Mr. Bethune left the capital two years ago, going to the head office of the bank in Quebec. He was moved to Toronto in May last.

Messrs. Alexander Stewart, B. Rothwell and John Stewart had some fine luck duck shooting one week near Lake Contant, on the Ottawa river. In one day they brought down eighty birds.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald returned from Riviere du Loup on Saturday and were present at the church of St. Alban the Martyr the following day. Both Sir John and Lady Macdonald looked remarkably well after their sojourn at the seaside.

Capt. Macmahon, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, has returned to town on account of the illness of his father. Hon. William Walsh, Grenadier Guards, second son of Lord Ormswaith, will be his successor.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Angus returned to Ottawa on Monday from a two months' visit to the Old Country. They spent a most delightful time and brought home many souvenirs for old friends.

Mr. A. H. Soutter of the Senate staff has returned to the city from an outing at Owen Sound.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., the well known advocate of penny ocean postage, is in the city and holding interviews with the government relative to his hobby.

Mr. N. C. Sparks, and the Misses Sparks have gone on a trip to the Pacific coast and San Francisco.

Mr. Bertie Brewer, son of Mr. Robert Brewer of the House of Commons, has taken the Guildhall, London, scholarship, at the Royal College of Music.

The friends and admirers of Mr. James Johnston, editor of the *Citizen*, are talking of tendering him a banquet upon his return from his European tour.

Leave has been granted the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards to adopt and wear for undress the frock coat of a similar pattern to that worn by the Coldstream Guards.

Mr. D. H. Ockenden of London, England who is making a pleasure tour through Canada, is in the city.

Mr. W. J. Code, barrister, has returned from England after a pleasant trip.

HAMILTON.

Nearly all our good people are back from their summer recreation and all look much benefited by their outing.

The Lord Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. Hamilton with their family have returned from their cottage at Oconoma.

Miss Hamilton leaves shortly for New York where she intends spending three months.

Miss McGiverin of Jackson street gave a delightful tea on Friday afternoon to quite a number of the *jeunesse doree* besides many of the fair sex. Among those present were Miss Gartshore, Miss Wilson, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss Bruce, Miss M. McGiverin, Miss Leggat, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Baker, Miss MacInnes, Messrs. Saunders, Billet, Morris, Ricketts, Palmer and Burns.

Miss Florrie Briggs has returned home after three years in Switzerland and England. All her friends are glad to welcome her back again and she will be quite an acquisition in social circles this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce of Duke street accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Cheavis, and her children arrived home this week from England. They were among the many passengers who had such an exciting voyage on the Vancouver during her last trip.

Our yachtsmen have all come back and report a glorious time spent during the recess. Many bronzed faces are to be seen about town. Skipper Jarvis of the Samoa, Messrs. Bruce and Ambrose, Skipper James Hendrie of the Verve, Capt. J. J. Stuart, Patterson, Birely, Harry Gates, Monck and many others. They speak in high terms of the good time spent at Charlotte regatta and many amusing incidents are recorded.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones of Boston have left for their eastern home after a week's visit.

We are looking forward to a great treat in a musical way on the 15th, when Strauss' world renowned orchestra will play at the Armory. The sale of seats took place yesterday and went off with a rush I believe.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are of course becoming popular here and are much admired for their willingness to enter into the interests of the city and people. They attended Toronto Day on Tuesday, and will be present at the new Public Library on Tuesday evening next when the Earl will give an address and declare the building open, they also attend bicycle races on Saturday at the track in the East End. They have been receiving at High field, and have had a great many visitors and all pronounce them charming.

Miss Brotherhood of Stratford has been the guest of Mrs. James Osborne of Herkimer street.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller and Miss Tillie Spratt were in town over Sunday.

Mrs. and Miss MacKinnon have returned from their pleasant visit to Muskoka.

Miss Hendrie is at Parry Sound with Mr. and Mrs. Travers for a few days' fishing.

The ball tournament at Home was a great success and well attended by all the boys and their sweethearts. Dancing was much indulged in and from appearances the young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The lady patronesses were Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Lambe and Mrs. Stiff. There were two boats rowed, the four crews being stroked by Messrs. N. S. Champ, jr., T. M. Bruce, R. S. Bull and J. H. Stewart. Great excitement prevailed, as the races were very close, but Bruce's crew after a pretty race with Stewart's in the final heat, came out victorious.

We are always delighted to see the face of Mr. A. Murray among us again after his usual summer trip across the pond.

Mrs. George Hamilton has returned from her vacation in Muskoka, and I believe the Port Colbornites were charmed with her beautiful voice, which is lovelier than ever, if such could be the case.

Mr. Will Henarie is in Detroit on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner leave for Montreal this week to hear Strauss and will tour through Canada with the orchestra. Herr Strauss being an intimate friend of Mr. Skinner.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Arkle of Toronto were spending a few days in town with Mrs. Grant of Bay street south.

Mr. and Mrs. George Glassco have arrived home from abroad.

Mr. Alex. Harvey and Mr. George Hope have been spending two weeks at the favorite resorts on the Massachusetts coast.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan had a high tea at her delightful summer residence, The Pines, Mountain Top. Among her guests were Miss Parker, Miss Gartshore, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss L. Bruce, Messrs. Sidney Saunders, George Gates, Gillespy, Dewar, Burns and Henry.

The Canadian fall races are to be held on September 20 at the club house.

Mr. D. A. Logie, one of our rising young lawyers, was presented by Mr. B. B. Osler to the Chancery Divisional Court yesterday and sworn in as a barrister.

The first September wedding of this season took place at All Saints' church, Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Mary Ethel Stewart, eld-

(Continued on page Eleven.)

ED. BEETON
25 Leader Lane
HIGH-GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
NOTICE—Our Millinery and Dressmaking Departments are open for the season, and are well stocked with all the latest novelties from New York and Paris. Special line in Suede and Glace Gloves just received. Dresses and Mantles made on the shortest notice. WM. M. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East.

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS
Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $3. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
MOST PALATIAL S.S. LINE.
Fast route to London, Southampton, Havre, Bremen and all the continental points.
Winter Rates Now in Force.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE
RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS
OF
CIGARS
MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.
NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 King Street West
Is now showing a new and choice assortment of
Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces
Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

DANCING
NOTICE—At the recent Convention of the National Association of Dancing Masters of which Prof. J. F. Davis is a member), held two days in Washington, D. C., and two days in Baltimore, Md., out of 91 members
ONLY TWO
were nominated for the office of President, viz: Prof. J. F. Davis of Toronto, Ont., and Prof. E. W. Masters of Boston, Mass. Prof. Davis declined the honor in favor of Prof. Masters.
The fact of being nominated to fill the high position of President of the Association serve to show that Prof. Davis is held very high in the estimation of the dancing masters of America. Judging by the number of pupils (ladies, juveniles and gentlemen) that are pouring in at the opening of this, his 32nd season in Toronto, Prof. Davis is held equally high in the estimation of the citizens of Toronto—many thanks—new building—new academy 102 Wilton avenue, cor. of Mutual street.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Had to Be Healthy.

Horse Dealer—You had better buy the horse, colonel. You will never find a healthier animal! Col. Jones—I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life, he never could have lived so long.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Good Suggestion.

Bardlet—I am contemplating an ode to Napoleon, but I don't know exactly how to begin it.

Meter—Why don't you commence with something about "Sublime Gaul."

Boudoir Gossip.

"Did you lie awake all night to think about it?" asked a bright woman, in reference to a business affair. I could truthfully answer no, that time, but dear me, I've done my little midnight bargaining, explaining, planning and hoping as well as others. Somehow the darkness does not dim the gay colors which fancy paints, and as the heart throbs faster and the blood courses more furiously, the gaudy tints of expected happenings grow only more glorious. We charge the future with unbearable burdens, and giving rein to imagination clothe it with impossible blessings, while the bells solemnly proclaim the march of the hours which should be given to sleep.

In the morning we curl our lips in scornful disapproval of the brain's carousal. We glare at the red-lined eyes, and peer unpityingly into the pale face, while making the unreserved mental assertion that people who lie awake at night are foolish in the extreme. Daylight is so searching that it reveals the unthought-of difficulties, which might not present themselves to the excited brain of the sleepless projector of plans.

*

A woman who "knows all about it," told me confidentially the other day that a man is never so disagreeable as when he realizes that baldheadedness is staring him—in the crown of his head. I have noticed some of the antics of baldheaded men, and they are certainly amusing. When pride is battling with destiny and acts real spunky about it, there is sure to be a large amount of ludicous behavior. Coming down Yonge street the other morning I noticed a man come out from his shop, and stand in front of a large mirror which was in the doorway. He removed his hat and attempted the feat of looking at the crown of his head. It was hard work, but he kept on trying. He stroked the shining surface meditatively and made another effort. It was very funny, but finally, when he had thrown his chest far enough back, poked out his head and rolled his eyes up he saw it. The hat was resumed and the man looked contented. I have wondered since whether he had been trying some much-advertised "sure cure," or whether his wife had been emphasizing her opinions in an unkind manner.

*

The description of the following gown will aid some women, who, with me, deplore the readiness of the prettiest dresses to declare themselves unfit for service. The industria costume is made of tweed or some equally serviceable woolen fabric, and firm enough to have the skirt either straight or on the cross with no foundation. The jack is tight fitting at the back, loose in front, and somewhat longer than those that have been worn, and turns back in front in straight revers. Beneath a waistcoat a shirt is worn, with a belt of the material bound so thoroughly as to amount almost to a corselet bodice.

*

It is the correct thing to wear buckles now. The more the better. You may wear them on your hat or at your belt, and they may secure floating ribbons, or nestle among trim loops on your dainty new shoes, only wear them somehow, somewhere and the dear old dame will smile her benediction upon you.

New dress models show a flounce around the bottom of the skirt. Truly one little flounce is pretty. We need not mind it, but it is not the one we quarrel with. We live in terror of the horrible family of flounces which wriggle around the dresses until they reach the waist. Then, when that is done, some money-seeking individual discovers that frills and flounces require a crinoline to show off their loveliness and we shall all be wearing the most ungraceful and disgraceful appendage to a woman's wardrobe—hoops.

*

Three dresses which come from Paris for Mrs. Vanderbilt are thus described: A ball dress is made with a close-fitting skirt of white brocade striped with silver, the back and train covered with white tulle spangled with silver and the low bodice draped with tulle and broche. The front of the skirt is covered with trails of gardenia and white lilac. A tea gown of sky blue brocade opens in front over two panels of hortensia satin veiled with white embroidery, and has full broche sleeves: and for a garden party there is a pale green *crepe de chine* embroidered in gold and darker green, with a coat of thick ribbed silk, opening with embroidered flaps over the brocade.

*

Parasols are in much demand for assisting with floral decorations. The handle is cut short and fastened to the chandelier, while the inverted sunshade is filled with flowers. Long trails of pretty vines are disposed about the handle, and bend over the edges till some of their delicate tips touch the cloth.

*

We are constantly misjudging people, because the insufficient light of publicity reveals to us only part of an action, or a statement without its preceding incentives. Suffering is a natural outcome of such half-lights upon lives, and when to this lack of knowledge is added the selfishness and the pride in which human nature is steeped, we have a very hot-bed for the advancement of sorrow. The uncharitableness which holds actions as wrong, broods upon them and pronounces a heart unworthy because something looked unkind or insincere, is a cruel one. It forgets many things. It shuts itself in a silence which is an effectual barrier to all explanation. It takes for granted what is has only guessed, and many are miserable because some one has forgotten that among all the virtues plain, everyday, hard-to-practise charity stands upon an unapproachable eminence.

*

A good-natured young bachelor was lately deploring the fact that marriages are often mistakes because one person can so easily be two. He thinks that girls put their husband foot forward and play possum with susceptible young men, developing after marriage into cup-throwing viragos with decided opinions on latch-keys, pin money, new bonnets and the eternal "man to see."

Perhaps he is right, but I would respectfully rise to enquire about this especially susceptible youth's host of brothers. There are lots of them. Before marriage they are anti-clove, anti-slang, anti-evil. After, they take the "anti" out.

What strange toilettes one sees some days. I saw one on Spadina avenue the other day, which made a harsh impression on my mind. The gown was cream white, with a badly-arranged profusion of expensive trimming, while the details were in striking contrast. White lace mitts were worn, and with unkindly frankness they exposed grimy hands and uncared for nails. The girl's face was pretty. More than that, it was good-natured, but I pitied her nevertheless. Her wretched taste in dress will never help her in life. She will always be discontented with her surroundings, and, looking with envious eyes on the apparent prosperity of others, will find in her own life little else than disappointment.

*

A novel little device for a key-rack is fashioned of chamois. It is in the shape of a shield, and besides the little brass hooks for the many glove and shoe buttoners, scissors, etc., bears the sage advice, "Hang It," formed of small brass-headed nails. A wide ribbon of yellow with rosettes of fine quilling adds further decoration and suspends it from a firmly-fastened hook. CLIP CAREW.

Love Unexpressed.

The sweetest notes among the human heartstrings
Are dull with rust.
The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust.
We pipe and pipe again for dreary music.
Upon the self-same strain,
While sounds of crime and fear and desolation
Come back in sad refrain.

On through the world we go, an army marching.
With listening ears.
Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They loved us and we knew it; this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them and we know it, if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Amongst the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shriek within ourselves with voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread and thus each one in silence
His fate fulfils,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills;
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is here we love and know not how to tell
And there we all shall know.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Mrs Bunker Sympathizes.

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious!" said old Mrs. Bunker.

"What's the matter?"

"Ethel says in her letter that she and her husband had a row on the lake Saturday afternoon."

"Pooh! that ain't r-o-w row. It's r-o-w row."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A Gastronomic Hero.

Wife—You have just been eating cucumbers and now you are going at the clabber and grapes. Do you want to invite the cholera? How can these things get along together!

Husband—I don't bother about what does not concern me. Let them settle that among themselves.—*Texas Siftings.*

Find Him Sometime.

Caller—Is not Mr. von Madehlepyle at home? Colored servitor (grandiloquently)—No, sah. He is summahing at de seashore. Caller—When will he return? Colored servitor—Well, sah, aftah a period at de seaside he will fall at home, den wintah in Florida, and den he'll spring in de west. Caller—Thanks. Guess I'll catch him when he 'fall.'—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Speaking One's Mind.

Many honest persons, without stopping to think, commit the grievous mistake of speaking their mind on all occasions, under all circumstances, and often to the great mortification of their hearers. In many cases it might be a proper thing to do; for instance, any one would be justified almost any time and under almost any circumstances, in speaking his or her mind freely in regard to Beecham's Pills, the sure remedy for all nervous and bilious disorders. This wonderful medicine is the most popular panacea in the world for sick headache, weak stomach, impaired digestion, constipation, disordered liver, etc. B. F. Allen Co., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, will mail a box of Beecham's Pills on receipt of the price, 25 cents, if your druggist does not keep them.

FLOWERS

Have you ordered your

ROSES

for the STRAUSS CONCERTS? If not, call up 2089 or 3057 and make sure of getting them. Supply limited; demand good.

Other seasonable flowers on hand

S. TIDY & SON
164 Yonge St, Toronto

All the Latest Styles of Plaiting
Parisian, Accordion, Knife, Kilt and Box, any depth, done on short notice by
L. A. STACKHOUSE
427 Yonge Street - - - Toronto

WEDDING BELLS

THIS MONTH
SEPTEMBER
Is generally characterized by an
Unusual Number of Weddings

This year we have made a big effort to secure a stock of articles specially adapted for bridal presents, and now invite you to call in and inspect a stock which for elegance has rarely, if ever, been equalled in our city---noticeably in the

STERLING SILVER
AND
FINE ART GOODS LINE

RYRIE BROS
JEWELERS
Cor. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STS

ARE DIAMONDS VALUABLE?

WE ANSWER YES!

And furthermore offer positive proof to that effect. Remember, reader, if you buy diamonds from us you can get within

15 PER CENT. IN CASH

any time you wish to surrender them within a year. Every stone sold by us has a

CASH SURRENDER VALUE AT

DAVIS BROS'.
ONE PRICE JEWELRY STORE
130 Yonge Street

THE NARRAGANSET

HOME EXERCISER

(shown in above illustration) is the most perfect apparatus ever devised for indoor exercise. It is perfectly noiseless, no oil or lubrication of any kind is required, it occupies only a few inches of floor room, and can be instantly adjusted to suit the strength of any one. It can be set up anywhere ready for use in a few minutes, with the aid only of a screw-driver. It is just the thing for the business man, the student, the professional or the athlete, and is specially valuable for the use of ladies and children. Call and see it or send for price list and descriptive catalogue to F. C. ALLAN, 35 King st. West, Agent for Ontario.

THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO.
(244 Yonge St. 'Phone No. 1850)
Are ready to fill any number of telephone or mail orders for

The Finest Groceries

the most exacting *chef* or housewife could desire. We are already noted for the high quality of our goods—a reputation worth having and which we intend to keep.

Armson & Stone.

SCARCE GOODS

Just received, a full range of Black Ribbon Velvets in several qualities and in all widths
New Fall Goods in every department in a few days.
DIRECT IMPORTERS

212 YONGE STREET

CURLINE
DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties
Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND
THE MANUFACTURER
Paris Hair Works,
108 and 105 Yonge Street

DANCING SELF TAUGHT
New Edition of Latest Dances and Ball Room Etiquette. Endorsed by leading authorities. Full instructions and highly illustrated. Has all the new and fashionable dances and Parisian Successes, which will be the craze during the coming season. No person in society should be without it. Free with our elegant ill. paper, 3 mos., 25c.
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 YONGE STREET
MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE FURS

We have now a complete stock of Fur Goods for the coming Winter's trade.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

Made upon all Furs purchased or ordered during August and September

SEALSKIN GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Fur Lined Circulars

And all the Latest Novelties in
Seal, Beaver, Persian and Astrachan Fur Capes and Muffs of all kinds

FANCY FUR RUGS

Sole Agents for Edward Miller's New York Hats—Styles Correct. Batterabys & Woodson London Hats. We take the lead.

JAMES HARRIS & Co.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CROMPTON CORSET CO.

LADIES desiring their hair dressed for the Strauss Orchestra Concert are kindly requested to make there appointments at an early date. Ladies returning home from their summer resorts who wish their hair trimmed singed or shampooed (hair dried by machine) are invited to make their appointments in advance for their residences.

Mons. Armand has just returned from New York with a full line of Novelties in Hair Ornaments. New styles of Frontpieces and Chignons made to order on short notice. Great stock of fine Long Hair Switches. Prices moderate.

Use MODENE for successfully removing Superfluous Hair—new discovery. Price $1.50 and $2.50; sent by mail 5c. extra. TRANCLE ARMAND, Ladies' Hair Dresser and Perfumer, 407 Yonge Street 407, Toronto, Ont.

MISS BURNETT
French Millinery

Dress AND Mantle Making

117 Yonge Street
(EAST SIDE)
TORONTO

MEXICAN ART POTTERY

The pottery made at GUADALAJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the native refer to it as la loza fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Mugs, &c.
Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

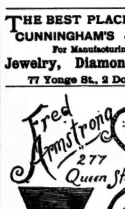
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177
109 King St. West - - Toronto, Ont.

PERFUMES
SEE OUR ASSORTMENT
Lubin's, Atkinson's
Colgate's, Rickseecker's
Lundborg's, Gosnell's
Piver's, Rimmel's

And other noted makers, in ONE, TWO and FOUR ounce bottles. We have also the LEADING ODORS in bulk, which we sell at FIFTY CENTS an ounce.
NOTE—These goods can be diluted to make a cheaper article, but we prefer to supply our customers with a good perfume and let them do their own diluting if they wish.

J. A. McARTHUR
DRUGGIST
200 Yonge Street - opp. Shuter Street

DRESS CUTTING



The New Tailor System (Late Prof. Moody) stands First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfaction assured. Large inducements to agents.

DRESSMAKING
Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.

MILLINERY
Closing out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.

J. & A. CARTER
512 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

H. S. MORISON & Co

216 and 218 Yonge Street
THE NOTED
Mantle and Dress House
OF CANADA

Have enlarged their premises by taking the adjoining store, No. 216 Yonge street, lately occupied by Carsley & Company, and have turned the entire double front building on the corner of Yonge and Albert streets into one grand establishment. Ladies will be especially interested in the great Mantle Parlors, occupying the entire second floor of the building, and which is now the largest, most attractive, and best lighted Mantle Room in Canada.

NEW MANTLES AND DRESS GOODS

Seventy-five cases of direct importations of New Mantle and Dress Goods from the French, German, English and American markets were opened yesterday. New goods are arriving daily. Ladies should see the dress novelties that we are bringing out.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street, Corner of Albert

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

"It's a fact, I assure you!"

"What—that you never go anywhere?"

"Exactly."

"Dear me! Why, you must be quite a savage!"

"Well, do you know, joking apart, I really believe I am—at any rate in matters of this kind. Would you credit it now, Miss Keurick, this is my first real ball! I have been brought up in an awfully secluded out-of-the way sort of fashion, and my education in the polite arts has been most abominably neglected."

"How very sad! Poor boy!"

The girl assumes an expression of mock compassion, while at the same time her eyes sparkle with mischievous humor.

"Well, I really think you might be a little sorry for such a benighted heathen instead of laughing at him," says the young fellow lightly.

"You don't know how strange and bewildered I feel in this world of yours. Now, if you were good-natured, you would take pity upon me, and give me a few hints as to what is the proper thing to do. I know I shall put my foot in it before long."

"I'm afraid you'd prove too obstinate a pupil," she says, casting a demure but rather mischievous glance at him.

"I'm sure I shouldn't; in such hands as yours I should be as pliable as wax. Now I suppose I ought to ask you whether I can have the pleasure of getting you anything?"

"Certainly you can! I should like an ice, if such a thing be procurable."

"Do we then proceed to the refreshment-room?"

"No; I remain here until you bring it to me."

And the girl, as she speaks, sinks back upon a lounge, conveniently placed in a retired nook by the conservatory door, and laughs in a decidedly aggravating manner.

"Then I sha'n't go," declares her companion.

"Why not?" with an air of affected astonishment.

"Because you'll be gone when I come back. Some other fellow is sure to come and carry you off."

"You're very silly."

"Granted; but not so silly as to go for that ice."

"But I'll promise to wait here until you come back.

"Then I'll go."

He hurries off, his handsome, boyish face flushed and excited, his eyes sparkling, and presently returns with a most tempting "Neapolitan."

"You see I was true to my word," she says, quietly, as she takes it from him.

"Yes; I was a brute for doubting you. But I have already told you I am only an uncivilised boor, and so you won't expect anything from me but churlishness."

He is standing before her, looking down into her face, as he says these words. He is quickly becoming infatuated with her dangerous, insidious beauty, and he begins to feel his pulses quickening and the blood coursing faster through his veins.

In the hunting-field he is thoroughly at home, cool and collected; but in a situation such as this he entirely loses his self-possession. Fate, as he himself has said, has not thrown him much into the society of women, and his present surroundings are enough to turn the head of any young fellow. There is a ball-room, with all its seductive influences of laughing eyes and rosy lips, charming music, and wonderful toilettes, and a thousand-and-one other disturbing elements. He is *tête-a-tête* in a retired, dimly-lighted spot with a beautiful girl, a mistress in the art of pleasing, who has been exceedingly agreeable to him, and who would seem by her manner to have a special liking for him; so it is no wonder that he should be fast succumbing to the voice of the charmer.

Janet Kenrick is undeniably pretty; and, though here is a kind of beauty that for old and well-disciplined world-and-society-worn men their shoulders, has but few attractions—being of a somewhat pink-and-white babyish character, with no strongly marked features—yet hot-headed, easily impressed Jack Swayle thinks she is perfection. Janet is a perfect actress, possessing that qualification which so many actresses lack, the art of concealing art. She fully estimates the value of what some people would consider trifles, she knows exactly where to bestow a look, a smile, a touch of the hand, when to allow her voice to assume a tender tone, when to be sympathetic, when merry. It is in little things that she makes her mark; there is nothing boisterous about her—she never ensnares her admirers by any display of *chic*.

She always appears to be a very quiet lady-like girl, though in her way she is as great a flirt as any of her sex. If her mode of proceeding be quiet, it is yet marvellously neat; nothing, for example, could have been more effective than the tone of her voice as she said to Jack, "You see I was true to my word," when he brought her the ice. There was just a faint suspicion of tenderness in it, and a bewildering touch of reproachfulness.

She is of about the medium height; her figure is well developed, lithe and undulating, and is certainly one of Janet Kenrick's chief attractions. No matter in what position Janet may be, she always looks graceful. She knows this, and contrives to heighten the effect by wearing dresses of some smooth material and of a subdued delicate color which seem to add to the plant easy grace of her figure. Her hands are very small and soft, and her round full throat is of pure milky whiteness; her face is oval, with no trace of sharpness in its features, excepting perhaps the mouth, which, though the lips are full and rosy, yet shows at times almost imperceptible signs of narrowness and cruelty. About the face generally there is an indescribable air of innocence, the effect being mainly produced by her eyes, which are large and bright, with heavy drooping lids and long thick lashes. The forehead is low, but broad and rather square; her hair, coiled into a wavy mass at the back of her small shapely head, is of that beautiful shade of brown which in cer tain lights assumes a golden tint. When she laughs two dimples appear in her cheeks, and an even row of perfect teeth is disclosed to view.

"But do you never go anywhere?" she says presently, recurring to the old topic.

"Never!" he declares, emphatically.

"Never to any balls, dinner-parties, or anything of that kind?" she asks.

"Well, I may go now and then to a dinner-party where the guests are mostly men, but that is all."

"But how is it you never go anywhere? You are——" She is going to say "rich," but, recollecting that this would not be in very good taste, she checks herself.

The Swayles are a county family of some position in Warforshire.

"Well, you see, my father is getting rather an old man now, and he doesn't care much for going into society. I don't think he was ever very fond of it. Besides, he has had a good many troubles. Then, again, I am an only child—never had any sisters, you know; and my mother died when I was quite a boy."

He delivers this last sentence hurriedly and not over steadily, and the girl, looking up at him curiously, marks the feeling in his voice, and is sensible of a growing interest in him. He is different from the ordinary run of men that she has met. This lad has a tender heart. She cannot help thinking of him as a lad, although he is twenty two years of age, and stands close upon six feet in his shoes. It would be a pleasant experience to hear his voice quaver so for her, she reflects—quite a new sensation. Among men of the world she has had many admirers, but never the pleasure of winning such a fresh young heart as this.

"But then, if you never go anywhere, what do you do with yourself at home?" she inquires.

"It must be awfully monotonous"

"Oh, no, it isn't; I am out all day, shooting, riding, or fishing; and the time passes very pleasantly, I can assure you! My father is very fond of all out-of-door pursuits, and he has brought me up with the same tastes. At one time he was one of the best riders across country in Warfordshire. Do you ride at all, Miss Kenrick?"

"No; I never have the opportunity; but I am afraid I should be too nervous"—with a tender, expressive glance at him.

"Not you! I wish—" He breaks off rather confusedly.

"What do you wish?"

"Well, we have a bay mare at home that would suit you to a t. I wish you would make use of her, and allow me to accompany you in your rides. But I suppose that would hardly be proper," he says, rather surprised at his own temerity.

"Hardly," she returns, smiling, and thinking what a boy he is.

"Not if," he begins warmly, when the arrival of a third person on the scene interrupts him.

The new-comer is a tall, thin man, who is in a state of fussy excitement.

"Miss Kenrick," he says, "I have been looking for you everywhere. This is our dance, I believe."

With a slight air of boredom she rises from her seat, places her hand on the gentleman's arm, and, smiling at Jack, disappears.

"But, my dear Jack, what are you going to do?"

"That's exactly what I came to ask you," replies Jack, who is lying at full length on a sofa. He throws his head back, and placidly smokes his pipe.

Mr. Swayle regards him admiringly. He is Jack's uncle, and the lad has always come to him with his troubles since he was a boy.

"And you are really very fond of this girl?" he asks, after a long pause.

"Fond!" echoes Jack, raising himself on his elbow to look at his uncle, the easy, careless tone in which he has previously been speaking changing to one of intense feeling. "Fond isn't the word for it, uncle. You really can't imagine how much I care for her. I feel almost frightened myself when I think of it. Sometimes she seems completely bound up with my life, and the very thought of being parted from her nearly drives me wild. Of course I am aware all this will seem very ridiculous to you, and you will probably laugh at me and call me a young idiot, or something of that sort. One man's love-story always does seem ridiculous to another man, I know. But you could no more laugh me out of my love for Janet Kenrick or reason me out of what I dare say you consider my infatuation than you could shake the foundations of the Bank of England with a crowbar. I love her with my whole heart and soul; and, come what may, I shall love her until I die; and, if I don't gain her, I shall have no power over myself, but go headlong to ruin—I know I shall."

An uneasy feeling comes over Mr. Swayle at the terribly earnest manner in which Jack speaks. He is evidently in love with this girl; and it is only too manifest that the passion has seized him fiercely and absorbingly. He is young, too. Mr. Swayle feels sure that no good will come of this affair. An indescribable sense of impending danger steals over him, and his mind is filled with gloomy forebodings.

"Have you known Miss Kenrick long?" he asks.

He has never seen the girl himself. All he knows about her is that she is the daughter of one James Kenrick, a neighbor, living in a neighboring town, a man with a good practice, but troubled with somewhat expensive tastes and luxurious habits. The old gentleman has a vague recollection of having heard at some time or other that the girl was rather a flirt. More than this his position as one retired from family and stewardship of a hollowed-out-by-labors of a particularly dry as-dust nature has debarred him from learning.

"About three months," Jack answers. "I met her first at the Midmays' ball, you know. You have no idea how awfully nice she looked, uncle; and she has the prettiest face you ever saw."

At any other time Mr. Swayle would have smiled at this rhapsody; but to-day he hardly notices it.

"And have you told her that you love her?" he asks.

"No, not as yet—not in a direct manner, I mean; still, she must know that I care for her. Circumstances would show it."

"How do you mean, Jack?"

"Well, you know, uncle, we have seen so much of each other lately. We have taken walks together, and I have waited for her coming out of church, and——"

"And——"

"There's nothing more, I think. But she must know quite well that I love her, though I have never in set terms told her so; and I know that she cares for me. How do I know? Oh, no girl would give a man so much encouragement or admit him to such a degree of intimacy unless she cared for him! Of course it's hard to explain this kind of thing; I can't give you a list of all her words and acts which make me think she cares for me; it is more her general manner and behavior, the sum of a hundred little looks and speeches, too minute and trifling in themselves to describe, that has caused me to come to this conclusion; but I know that Janet Kenrick loves me—I am as sure of it as I am that you are sitting in that chair, uncle. No—the only thing that disturbs me is my father. You know that for years it has been his pet project that I should marry some one through whose influence and position—not to say money-bags—the Swayle family might once more take a prominent position in the county. He has repeatedly instilled this idea into me in our conversations together, and I dread to think what his rage will be when he finds that, instead of the aristocratic high-bred girl he would desire, his son has had the temerity to fall in love with a commonplace country girl. It will be an awful blow to him. What I want you to do then, uncle, is to come up to the Hall and have a talk with the governor, to plead my cause, and to help me as much as you can. With you as an ally, I sha'n't despair of carrying the day. You know no one has greater influence over him than you have, or no one's judgment does he place greater reliance than on yours; and he will listen to you when he would simply order another man out of the house. May I count on your help, uncle?"

"Before we proceed any further, Jack, let us be perfectly sure of the foundation upon which we are working." Mr. Swayle says, still nervous, and, in his anxiety for Jack's welfare, willing to mistrust even his own judgment, which tells him only too forcibly that the young fellow's affection for this girl is thoroughly sincere. "Let me put it to you again. Are you quite positive that you care for Miss Kenrick?"

"Quite positive," exclaims Jack, his eyes gleaming with indignation.

"You are certain this is no mere fancy that will pass away in time?"

"Certain! You have no conception how much I love her, uncle!" declares Jack, rising to his feet in his excitement, and walking up and down the room. "Indeed, it seems almost like sacrilege talking about her in this way. Somehow she seems to have entered into my very soul, and has got such a hold over me that I am sometimes almost horrified at my own helplessness. When I come to consider all she is to me, how all my future happiness lies at her disposal, what complete power she has over me, I am appalled. Without her my life would be utter misery, and I dare not even contemplate the idea of losing her. If such a thing were to happen, I believe I should go mad."

"Then what I should advise you to do, Jack, is this," says Mr. Swayle, striving to speak as cheerfully as possible, though he feels anything but cheerful at heart—"I should take the earliest opportunity of speaking to Miss Kenrick, and, having brought matters in that quarter to a crisis, I should go to the dad and confess everything. Of course he will be angry; but you must brave that. For my part, I will help you as much as I can."

"Spoken like my dear old uncle!" cries the young fellow enthusiastically. "Ever so many thanks! I'll speak to Janet to-morrow."

"And now perhaps you will leave your poor old bachelor uncle in peace," pleads Mr. Swayle, "for I have some letters to write, and a noisy love-sick young fellow like you in a room is not conducive to meditation."

"I'm off!" Jack answers gally, in a moment, making for the door. "Good-bye, uncle."

He is out of the room and half-way down the stairs before a sudden thought causes the old gentleman to call him back.

"By-the-way, Jack," he asks, "when is Cecil Lambert coming?"

"This afternoon, I believe, by the 4:15 train. I am going to the station to meet him now."

"He has been a long time abroad."

"Yes; close upon four years."

"Did he not at any time live in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, at Kitteringham; but that was before his father died and the great bank failure, which broke up all their family, took place. Cecil then went abroad, and his people to London."

"He was not living here when you first came?"

"Oh, no!"—and Jack turns upon his heel, and is gone.

Mr. Swayle writes no letters that afternoon.

(To be continued.)

An Idle Quarter of an Hour.

Those excellent people who devote themselves to the task of training the young mind in the way (they think) it ought to go, and write beautiful homilies on the loveliness of knowledge and the value of time, adorned with all the moral platitudes of the last two or three thousand years, are much given to insist on the (fancied) necessity of "utilising every minute." They quote that very foolish saying of Arnauld, who, when advised to take a little rest, exclaimed: "Rest! Why, there is Eternity to rest in!" and thereby assumed an intimate knowledge of the future which it is certain he did not possess. They refer with exultation to the example of the Chancellor Daguesseau, who made use of the daily quarter of an hour which his wife kept him waiting for dinner, to write in scraps, a ponderous historical work. They tell you of somebody who mastered a language (and, I should surmise, hacked his chin unmercifully) while shaving. Then there was Dr. Darwin, who wrote his poems in his carriage during the quarters of an hour spent in going from one patient's house to another; and Madame De Genlis, who composed some of her fictions while tarrying for the Princess to whom she acted as instructress—both of whom have been rightly punished for so doing, since nobody, nowadays, reads them; and Kirk White, who learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office—and died, over-spent and consumptive, at one-or two-and-twenty. But I refuse to admire these examples of economy of time. Rather would I take them as dangersignals, warning me not to venture into deep pools await the unlucky swimmer. I will not believe that our odd quarters of an hour—our "waiting-for-an-omnibus" moments—are but the demon of self-help or the evil spirit of perseverance. They are too precious to be wasted (excuse the paradox) in being made use of.

To a generation absorbed, half-ashamed, in the indefatigable quest of amusement, or gain, or notoriety—a generation so uncomfortably restless, and rapaciously greedy of new sensations, it is surely unnecessary to preach a gospel of activity, or to pretend that happiness consists in the perpetual movement of the treadmill. What one should urge upon the men and women of to-day, who live in this constant worry—whose existence is one long series of unnatural efforts—is the wholesomeness of an occasional idle quarter of an hour. The Russian proverb says of the man who "takes a thousand steps of observation" he goes through the forest and sees no firewood: in like manner, the "slave of Mammon" or the "votary of Circe" goes through life, and never tastes the joy of living. In the din of the world's workshop and the clamor of suffering or striving humanity he hears no strain of the music of nature, he catches no glimpse of the beauty. All is to him as if it were not; for him the stars have no meaning, the lark's song is without a memory or a hope, and the ripple of the stream carries to his ear no strain of Lorelei or water-nymph.

For, to hold communion with Nature, you must set apart your idle quarters of an hour. You can get nothing out of her on a Bank Holiday, when thousands are intruding on her privacy and trespassing on her sacred shades. When Numa visited the cave of Egeria, he went alone. He knew that her sacred utterances would be lost if thousands pricked up their ears to catch them. And in this way men who seek to familiarise themselves with the grace and loveliness of Nature will seek her in the silence and the solitude, and consecrate their quarters of an hour to a sympathetic study of her different aspects. Then they will find, I think, that she has something for each to each of them, by way of warning, or of consolation, or of encouragement. It will not go amiss, if they be careful to keep themselves to themselves in her sweet and tender beauty—in the young greenness of her spring, in the splendor of her midsummer pomp, in the rich coloring of her autumn—never troubling to penetrate "beneath the surface." They are to be envied, perhaps, who hear (as in Muller's pretty ballad) "the roundelays of the water-spirit" in the murmur of the brook; "but I will not call him unfortunate who hears only the movement of the mill-wheel. I can take pleasure in the rose-bloom on the hedges of June, in the green world of the woodland, in the silver track of the moonlight across the hushed sea, in the lark's morning music as, soaring, it sings, and, singing, soars to the gate of heaven, without troubling myself about their esoteric significance. I can enjoy the sunshine, thank Heaven! without bothering myself about the "spectrum analysis."

"Oh, how fine a thing is life!" exclaimed Charles James Fox, luxuriating in the joy of a fragrant April morning, with "a sweet westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms just budding, and the nightingales just beginning to sing." Yes: that is one good result you will derive, as I have already hinted from your idle quarters of an hour; you will learn how fair a thing life is, and, having learnt this, you will know better how to live and what to live for. And you will learn also how to dream—how to fill the mind with airy and graceful fancies, and, by so doing, how to separate it, as it were, from the daily toil and moil of a sordid world. Said Dogberry, the one sunny day, "Ah, how sweet it is to lie on the grass all day long, with a book in one's hand!" "Yes," murmured the statesman, "but why with a book?" Why not resign yourself to the blue of the skies, and the rustle of the leaves, and the scent of the flowers? Why not sit down and meditate and muse, until thought glides unconsciously into dream, and reflection melts into reverie? In these idle "quarters" there must be no sweat of the brain, no obstinate self questionings, no process of introspection or mental criticism. No; give the reins to Fancy, and let that high-mettled steed take you where it will—into flowery valleys, haunted by the elder gods; into leafy recesses, where Oberon and Titania hold their fairy court; or even to the gates of the Golden City, above which rise the tops of its shining towers—shining with the light that never was on land or sea. So shall you know the pleasure and profit of an Idle Quarter of an Hour.—*Illustrated News of the World.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver; THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY

THOS. BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

No Hopes

A racy story is told of an old lady who refused to be comforted by her pastor's assurance that when he left her she would have a better pastor as his successor.

"Na, na!" she said, "I have seen fourteen changes in the ministers since I attended the kirk, and everyane has been wuar than anither."

Thirty-Two Proposals.

The guardian of a well-known New York girl, who was married in London some few months since to a distinguished man of her own nationality, vouched for it as a positive fact, that his ward had received thirty-two *bona-fide* offers of marriage since she entered society. As the young lady is heiress to a large estate, it is but natural to suppose that some of the aspirants for her hand were inspired by mercenary motives. Others, and indeed the greater number of her lovers, were in downright earnest, wanting the girl for herself. But eventually resolute, the "destroying angel" kept up a steady fire of refusals till the all-conquering thirty-second came along and won her as his own. Interested and disinterested as those lovers may have been, Mrs.——'s record of proposals would make painful reading to not a few of her sex. It scarcely seems fair that one woman should have such a monopoly of honors that are secretly coveted by many who through life without ever having one to register.—*Illustrated American.*

A Fruitful Advertisement.

An unusually short-sighted editor once printed this notice:

"I will take a good dog in payment for one year's subscription."

The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterwards, when the news had spread out into the country, 400 farmers sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets of puppies, all marked C. O. D. The office found its way into neighboring states, and before the end of the week there were 800 dogs, tied with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards. His paper was not published for six days, and the government tax amounted to $800.

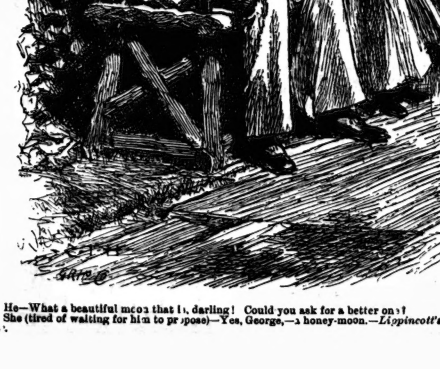
What He Was Thinking Of.

A lady one day came upon a poet as he stood absorbed in contemplation before a flock of sheep and said to him:

"I feel sure that from the sight of those innocent sheep you are gathering inspiration for some gallant pastoral!"

"Oh, dear no, madam!" replied the poet, "I was only thinking that out of so many sheep there would perhaps be only one leg of mutton done to a turn!"

Another Kind Brighter.



He—What a beautiful moon that is, darling! Could you ask for a better one?
She (tired of waiting for him to propose)—Yes, George,—a honey-moon.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Victim to Circumstance.

"They've got a boarder down to Widow Hale's," my Uncle John said, emerging from the depths of a roller towel in the kitchen; "a likely-looking man, nearing thirty, I reckon. He hails from Basting, Sary! P'haps you know him."

"What is his name?" was my natural inquiry.

"Richard Wolfe. I spelled it out on his trunk. He's a doctor chap, I heard 'em say over to Hale's. I declare, Sary, I do wish you would work up a little. You look as peaked to night as you did when you first came."

"I am tired," I said, truthfully enough. "I have been helping Maggie pickle cherries."

"Sho, now!" said my uncle; "you let the cherries alone. You was sent here to get strong after the dre'ful fever you had, and not to stew over a kitchen fire in a fume. Taint fair, nuther, seein' your pa's payin' a big board for you, though he needn't."

"I know that," I said, letting my tired head rest on my uncle's broad breast, while he stroked my hair with his hard hand. "I know you love me and like me to be here; but papa thinks he has not the same claim on you since mother died."

"Yes, yes. Well, we won't talk about it. Is supper most ready?"

"We are only waiting for you!"

"We!"

"Daisy Hale came over to spend the afternoon. She told me they were going to have a boarder, but did not remember his name. I think it was a fit of shyness that made her come over."

For I knew that Daisy was shy, very retiring in disposition, and totally unacquainted with the forms and customs of society. She was very pretty, with brown hair and eyes, and a fair, clear complexion. Two years before, when I had spent a summer at Rye Station, Daisy and I looked so much alike that people were sure we were related; but that was over. Since that I had been prostrated by a malignant fever, contracted in North Carolina, where I went with papa on a business trip. For weeks I lay at death's door, recovering to find my face disfigured by a deep red color over the entire surface, my lovely brown curls all gone, and a crop of stiff, dry hair in place of them, my eyes inflamed and sore, and every vestige of prettiness gone.

My first act on recovery was to write to my betrothed lover, releasing him from our engagement; my next, to fly to Rye Hall, and hide my ugliness at Uncle John's.

Uncle John was my mother's brother, and my own name was Sarah Smith; but after my father had been four years dead, and I was still but a child six years old, my mother married Judge Weyer, and I was better known in my home as Sadie Weyer, than by my true name. I was eighteen when my mother died, and my own father's property—a moderate fortune—became mine. But my step father loved me as fondly as he loved his own three children, and I never thought of him as other than "papa," or loved him less than I had loved my mother.

I did not fear that any old friend would recognize pretty Sadie Weyer, in homely Sarah Smith, but my heart was a little troubled when I knew Richard Wolfe was boarding within a stone's throw of Uncle John's, and that, unless I returned to Boston, I could scarcely avoid meeting him.

I had never received any reply to the note I wrote releasing him, but I knew that he worshiped beauty, and had heard too much sweet flattery from his lips to be willing to see them curl in disgust at my altered appearance. One wrench was better than slow torture, so I severed the tie that bound us, and fled to Uncle John's, only to find, three weeks later, that my old lover was to be an inmate of the next farm, liable to meet me any hour of the day.

I have been told many times that I have "more pluck than patience," and I fretted to have the first meeting over, bear the reproach of false faith if made, or rest secure if there was no recognition.

It came at twilight, one perfect summer evening. I was in the orchard picking up windfalls, down between rows of peach-trees, laden with rosy-tinted blossoms, when, having turned from the end of the path nearest the house, as I was slowly walking to the other end, I heard Daisy's voice calling:

"Sarah! Please wait a minute!"

I obeyed turning slowly to face her, for surely, I heard a voice and familiar say:

"What a beautiful orchard!"

My face was fully exposed, for I had discarded my hat when the sun went down, but when Daisy introduced Miss Sarah Smith to Dr. Wolfe, both bowed courteously, and no one would ever have suspected these two had ever vowed eternal love and constancy to each other. Richard spoke to me with quiet gentlemanly ease, commenting upon the beauty of the evening, the grand sweep of landscape from the elevation where we were standing, but there was no ray of recognition in his eyes, no touch of feeling in his voice. And I answered in monosyllables, and told Daisy I had a cold, when she noticed how hoarse my voice had become. We lingered in the orchard until the moon rose, and I dropped out of the conversation as often as possible, although it cut me to the heart to see how well Richard and Daisy seemed to understand each other.

As I watched them strolling homeward, Daisy's brown curls wreathed with peach blossoms, her beauty softened by the moonlight, and in her eyes a shy happiness I had never before seen, I dropped upon a rustic seat under one of the trees and buried all the undefined, vague hope I must unconsciously have cherished. I had said, over and over, that my note of dismissal was the end of my life's romance, but in that hour of bitterness I knew myself self deceived. I knew that under my stern self renunciation there had been an undercurrent of hope that, if Richard ever met me, he would hold me fast, even with my scarred face and emaciated form to mock the beauty of my youth and health. And he had not recognized me.

Lying in the shadow of the great trees, with the moonlight glinting between the waving branches, I buried my love, my hope, my youth itself, and over the grave I breathed a fervent prayer for Richard's happiness. I was sure that it was not alone the moonlight that had made his face so deadly pale, and that the pleas of overwork upon which his summer vacation was founded had also heart-ache and disappointment to aid in the broken health that made change of air a necessity.

It was very late when I softly opened the kitchen door, fastened its bolts, and went to my own room. Not a light was burning in the house. Uncle always retired early, and our one servant rose and rested with the hens, being rarely visible after sunset, but vigorously at work by day-dawn.

I slept but little, and in the morning found I had a slight return of the fever, headache and sore throat. It was not a serious illness that followed, but sufficient for an excuse to keep in my room, and I hailed it as a friend, since it took away the danger of meeting Richard.

Every day Daisy came to see me, and every day I noticed that the shy happiness in her soft brown eyes was more and more apparent. I drew her on to talk of Richard, and I told her I had known friends of his in Boston, who spoke most warmly in praise of him, of his great professional skill, his manly worth and his high standing, socially and morally.

She was not very frank with me, nursing her sweet secret with shy reticence, as maidens will, and yet letting me know enough of his attentions to her to lead me to hope he was learning to love her sweet, womanly nature, her winsome beauty and her tender, loving heart.

Oh, how old I felt, lying upon my broad lounge by the window, planning and hoping for these young lives, as if I had outlived all youth and love years ago.

One morning, when August was a week old, Daisy came to tell me Dr. Wolfe was going to leave Rye Station, to return to Boston. She sat beside me blushing and smiling, her fingers softly turning a new ring upon the first finger of her left hand. I would not force her confidence, but presently she said:

"Dr. Wolfe told me a secret last evening, Sarah, but I want to repeat it to you. I know it will be safe in your keeping, for I have told you my secrets all my life."

"It will be safe with me," I said, keeping my voice steady by a great effort.

"He was engaged to be married to a lady in Boston."

"What was her name!"

"He only told me her Christian name, 'Sadie.' He told me she looked like me, but I am sure she was prettier, for he talked of her beauty as if he loved it. She was accomplished, too, and sang beautifully. He must have loved her very dearly, for he spoke tenderly of her even in blaming her."

"Why did he blame her!"

"Because, having won his love, having promised to be his wife, she suddenly wrote to him from the South, where she was traveling, and broke her engagement, giving no reason for her false faith."

"No reason!"

"She simply stated that circumstances had arisen which made their marriage impossible; bade him farewell, returned his ring, and said all was ended between them."

"But there may have been circumstances she could not control."

"Oh!" said Daisy, more harshly than I would have thought she could speak, "she probably met a suitor she preferred."

"Does Dr. Wolfe say so!"

"No, he evidently thinks, with you, that she was the victim of some strange combination of circumstances."

"Give her the benefit of the doubt," I said, wearily; "especially since it seems he has found comfort."

"Oh, Sarah!" she cried, pitifully, "do you think it is wrong for him to love me! He was so sad when he first came to us, that I could not help trying to cheer him, and now, when he tells me he loves me, he is frank about this old love, and I know it will be long before I claim her place in his heart."

"I hope not," I answered. "I hope you will soon so fill it, that all memory of that first love will fade like a dream. For you are worthy of a man's whole heart, Daisy, and I know you will be a true, loving wife to Richard Wolfe."

She was sobbing quietly, as I spoke, and I was dreadfully exhausted, so there was a long silence, until I asked:

"Is that the ring Sadie sent back, Daisy!"

"No, he would not give me that. He says he has locked it away, where he will never see it again, with her picture and a little cross made of her hair."

"That was wise," I said. "And when will the wedding be!"

"In October. He will come for me, and we will return to Boston together. Oh, Sarah, is it wicked to be so happy!"

"No, Daisy, no. If you are happy, look upon your happiness as Heaven sent. And," I said solemnly, for my heart was full, "may God bless you and your husband with His best blessing."

She stole away presently, and I lay long unconscious of all around me. The next day I wrote to papa to come for me, as I was sure I needed my old doctor's care, and, to Uncle John's loudly expressed grief, I returned to Boston.

But in my trunk I carried patterns of all Daisy's garments, and my first shopping, as health returned to me, was to procure a trousseau, such as Rye Station had never seen, and send it to Richard's bride.

Not until the young couple were settled in their Boston home, did I see Daisy again, and it was months later before Richard saw my scarred face in broad daylight, and knew from my faltering lips the "circumstances" that had dictated my note. He was too happy, then, to refuse to forgive me, and Daisy never knew who was her husband's first love.

I am an old maid, and by no means a handsome one, but I have a life of happy usefulness, and I think Daisy's children divide their love pretty equally between their paps, mamma and "Aunt Sadie."

Add a Pinch of Salt.

It you cannot sleep just now, try a cucumber. If insomnia is the malady that wrinkles the little pouch under your eye, ask a—no, try a cucumber. Have it sliced thin, and put on ice, apply a pinch of salt, some black pepper, and a drop or two of vinegar. Let the process of deglutition begin half an hour before your usual bedtime, and keep it up till the lights are out. A glass of lemonade and a cut of cold chicken go well with it. Sleep comes with an overpowering rush, and claims you before you recognise its presence. If you cannot rest after such a supper, it is the cold chicken, or the lemonade, or a guilty conscience. If you sleep the sleep of a just man made perfect, it is the cucumber.

How I Tried to Become an Actress.

It is just seven years ago. I was a governess in a ladies' school at a fashionable watering place on the south coast. Mine was not a hard place, nor an unpleasant one. The mistress was a nice woman, and the pupils were nice girls. But I was young, full of life and spirits; and teaching at the school, with the same dreary routine to be gone through day after day, was drudgery. I had had what is called a good education, and—though I say it as shouldn't—I had a tall, handsome figure, and a fresh, bright, pleasing face. The only thing that I thought might stand in my way was that I was a foreigner, and that my foreign accent might be against me. This, however, I argued, might easily be overcome.

Everybody was, at that time, talking of Irving, Hamlet and the Lyceum, and on Irving, as a father confessor of my yearnings for fame, I fixed my choice. So, the next Saturday I was off duty, I took a ticket to London, and arrived at the Lyceum just in time for a morning performance of Hamlet. "I'll have a good look at him first," I thought, "and if, after seeing him play, I am not too terrified at his greatness I'll go and see him and ask his advice."

No, I was not terrified at all, but, to tell the truth, his rendering of Hamlet was intensely amusing to me, and when I saw him die so very artistically, with an evident endeavor not to spoil the artistic effect of the scene by any awkward movement, such as a real dying man would have made, I settled firmly in my own mind that I would go and see him immediately after the play. For, I reasoned, a man who is such an artist that he can sacrifice the actor's part for fear of spoiling the artistic effect must have a soft spot somewhere in his heart for other weak mortals.

When the curtain had fallen on the last scene, and I had calmed down from my amusement, I went boldly up to an usher, asking whether I could see Mr. Irving. What did I want to see him for? I was asked, but stated that I would tell that to Mr. Irving himself. Presently the message came, Yes, I might see Mr. Irving, and I was ushered behind the scenes. My delight increased, and my hopes rose, when I saw Ellen Terry, wrapped in a long, loose cloak, rushing about with flying hair, and rushing and scolding somebody. Then I was shown into the presence of the great actor. He heard me kindly, courteously, smilingly, stroked his chin with his hand, and said, Oh, yes, I might become an actress if I was really in earnest about it. But what were my reasons for wishing to go on the stage? Just because I hate teaching, I replied, and he smiled again, and said: "But you are a foreigner; you want elocution lessons in order to improve your accent. Now, I will tell you what I will do. I will give you a letter to my friend Mr. Augustus Harris, and ask him to take you in hand; and in a few months' time, if you have had some training, you shall come and join the Lyceum company."

Who was happier than I? Off I flew to Drury Lane, and there was Mr. Harris himself. He was not so polite and smiling as Mr. Irving, and, indeed, I rather lost heart at his abrupt manner; but I was there, and I had to take my chance. He read the letter, and then turned around to me. "Yes, you can become an actress if you like. Come again next Wednesday, and you can sit behind the scenes and see how the others do their work, and, if you like, you can begin next Saturday." I forget how I got out, and back to my seaside school, from Saturday night till Wednesday I dreamt of nothing, night and day, except of acting on the Lyceum stage, of myself as a kind of successor to Ellen Terry, and of all the glories of fame. On Wednesday I was again at Drury Lane Theater, and I must say it was rather a "comedown" when a chair was brought to me and I had to sit in a dusty, hideous corner behind the scenes, there to wait for four hours and watch the proceedings. What a hideous band the gay butterflies and beauties of the stage, the gallant, handsome heroes, the beautiful youths and maidens looked, when once they were behind the scenes! It seemed to me as if most of them, and their friends who were with them, were the cobwebby, draughty room, were of the coarsest, lowest type of Londoners, and my æsthetic sense rose in revolt at the idea of joining such a party. I was too young and too inexperienced then to know that it was as unwise to judge of the real state of things by the aspect behind the scenes as it is to judge the performers by their glittering appearance behind the footlights.

Mr. Harris strolled up to me once or twice, and asked me how I liked it. I forget what I said, but at the end of the performance he told me that, unless I had changed my mind, I might begin on Saturday next. "You'll have to be a soldier; that's an easy part, in which you have only to stand about on the stage. You are tall, so you'll do very well for that part, and you get accustomed to being on the stage." "A soldier," I stammered, "and shall I have to wear men's clothes?" "Yes," (imperturbably, and in an off-hand, business-like way), "a soldier with tight-fitting trousers, high boots, and all the rest. Your salary begins with £2 a week. Mind that you are punctual, and don't keep us waiting on Saturday."

Then I stood outside again, and took the next train home. And once again I dreamt; but this time the dreams were like a nightmare, with myself in a golden helmet, a scarlet coat, white tricot trousers, and high boots, standing in corners about the stage, with a ghastly array of faces staring up at me from the auditorium, and I vainly trying to hide the boots, the tricot, and all the rest from the horrid gaze, and succeeding for a single moment. It was horrible, unbearable, and yet the thought that £2 was as much as I now earned in teaching all day long, and that presently I should rise above the soldier's stage, and become a heroine, kept me undecided.

On Friday evening a letter came from Drury Lane Theater, informing me that they expected me at a certain hour next afternoon, and warning me once again not to be late. That brought the gruesome reality with full force to my mind, and I determined then and there to give up the idea of becoming a soldier, to remain a governess—for the present, at all events. Therefore I lay low and stayed at home next afternoon, and took the girls for a walk. And since then I have heard no more of either "Hamlet," Harris, or the soldier.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The Big Man Who Showed Off.

At Fargo we got news of an accident on the line beyond, and the train had to wait there for two hours. Everybody got out to stroll around, and there were a good many people at the depot to look the passengers over. Among these we had our attention attracted to a big man who had on a buffalo overcoat, a wolf-skin cap, and a pair of boots that the coat dangled seven or eight claws which had once assisted grizzly bears to scratch their way through life. He had long hair, a wild eye, buckskin leggings, and was evidently a mighty nimrod, if not a Western terror. He was walking up and down the platform to show himself off when an undersized, insignificant-looking passenger on our train, who had been dubbed "Godfrey's Cordial" ever since we left Chicago, approached him and asked:

"Mistah man, ith that overcoat for thale?"

"No, sir!" was the thunderous response, as the wearer of it turned on the questioner.

"Oh! scuthe me, then, but I thur have thome claws there. Did they belong to a cat?"

"Cat! Cat! Did you ever see a cat with such claws?"

"No, thir; and that's the reason I asked you. Ith that cap made of lambskin?"

"Lambskin! What are you driving at?"

"My dear sir, I nevah drive. It's against my principles. I am thimply theeking solid facts. Why don't you have your hair cut and put on thome wooden pantaloons? I should think you would catch cold."

"Look here!" growled the old man as he came to a halt, "I want you to go away!"

"Do I make you tired?"

"You do."

"I am tho thorry!"

"Now you clear out, or I'll get mad."

"Real mad?"

"You hear me!"

"I should thay I do like to buy one of those claws. I'll give you two shillings for——"

"If you don't clear out I'll alice an ear off!"

"Would you really alice my ear off?" innocently asked Cordial.

"I would and I will!"

"Which ear?"

"Both of 'em, you infernal fool!"

"Thay," said Cordial, after looking him over, "I don't like the way you talk. I think you ought to apologize."

"Apologize! Why, you grasshopper, I've a good mind to hold you up by the hair!"

"Don'th you try it!"

"But I will!"

And he did but he had scarcely reached out when Cordial was all chain lightning and fish bones and pounded glass. He jumped in with his left on the big man's nose, took him on the mouth with his right as he fell, and the buffalo overcoat had no sooner hit the platform than the little man was swarming all over it, with both fists working like piston rods.

In one minute the big man was licked, and then he was led off one way while we took Cordial the other. I don't know what old bear's claws had to say, but as we got the little fellow into the coach he rested the bow at his collar, dusted his shoes with his handkerchief, and explained:

"Wath I to blame? When I thaw those claws wasn't it natural that I should wonder where the cat wath? And I never thaw a wolf nor a buffalo in my life—in my whole life!"

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Com'ort is everything while travelling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

ATHLETIC AND SPORTING GOODS

Canadian Agency of the Famous

"RUDGE" BICYCLES

Tennis Goods
Lacrosse Supplies
Football Outfits
Fencing Paraphernalia, Canoes
Home Exercises, etc.

Athletic and Club Uniforms a Specialty

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

H. P. DAVIES & CO.

81 Yonge Street, Toronto

"A FRIEND IN NEED, IS A FRIEND INDEED,"

and to the worn and weary Dyspeptic

MALTOPEPSYN

It aids the weakened, needy stomach, by putting into it just what it lacks, namely, gastric juice, which aids the digestion of the food, relieves the pain or heavy feeling, and cures the constipation, which usually accompanies all stomach troubles. As you value your future health, avoid Bitters, Blood Purifiers and Purgatives. If your stomach is what is out of order, purgatives will only irritate it, and so aggravate the Dyspepsia. The disease is in the *Stomach*, so aid the *Stomach*. Endorsed by physicians. Send 2 cts. in stamps for valuable book to HAZEN MORSE, International Bridge, Ontario.

The Story of a Scare.

The original situation.

An effect.

The cause.

—*Judge.*

Reliable

I have four flats, 26 x 100, well stocked with Bedroom Suites, Dining-room Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

I make any style of Furniture to order at your own price. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Coverings and Frames, and can supply anything.

Prices Low

FINE UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE

R. F. PIEPER
436 Yonge Street

Large Stock

Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible prices. It will be a pleasure to see them.

All my furniture is guaranteed by me. I have but *one price*—everything marked in plain figures. I pack for purchasers from the country free of charge.

Showing no Trouble

CONSUMPTION SURELY * CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A Luxuriant Growth Of Hair

May be obtained by the continued use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. ** A few years ago my hair began to turn gray, and, a short time after, fell out so freely that I became nearly bald. Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulated a new growth of hair, and of the original color. I have applied the Vigor, occasionally, since that time, and my hair is now strong and abundant.—Ira D. Kennah, Utica, N. Y.

I had been troubled, for years, with scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft, black hair.—Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores a natural color to gray hair, promotes a vigorous growth, and keeps the hair soft and pliant.—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Scrofulous

Humors originate in the blood, which, when vitiated, carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofula. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. Flower, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Affections

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest alterative treatment. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unequaled.

I was always troubled with a Scrofulous Humor. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Cass, Chelsea, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, SEPT. 13, 1890. [No. 42

Music.

Mr. Percival T. Greene bids fair to have overcome the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune which prevented the Academy of Music from becoming a favorite resort for pleasure-seekers in its first year. The renovations, alterations and decorations which have been made in the building, render it a wonderfully cosy, homelike place, and the energy and judgment of Mr. C. H. Garwood, the general manager of the Whitney circuit, have provided a most acceptable list of attractions. During this week Messager's comic opera, Fauvette, has held the boards, with a constantly increasing attendance. Courtesy and the play-bill makes us call Fauvette a comic opera, but it is not excruciatingly funny. Many well-worn situations and ideas are worked in with a reliance on the skill of the comedians rather than on the wit of the matter itself. Musically it is extremely good, with bright, catching airs and strong, brilliant choruses, though the finales, especially that of the last, are weak. This makes it seem like eating a spoiled pudding at the close of a good dinner.

*

The Boston Ideals have in their day charmed with their name, but when they were here last spring the charm had been mislaid. With the intermission of summer, however, reconstruction has come, and the company is now in much better shape in most respects. The chorus is a fine one, with a rich, vigorous tone that it is a treat to hear. Much needs yet to be done in the way of fixing up the stage business among these ladies and gentlemen who are too leisurely where they should be snappy and bright, but much may be forgiven them because they can sing, an accomplishment not always to be found in comic opera choristers. The dresses call for a certain amount of criticism, as they lack brightness; the stage pictures are too frequently sombre. This, with a deal of unnecessary and not at all funny dialogue, weights the opera down somewhat. By one of those curious coincidences which will sometimes creep in, the rotunda of the Temple of Paris and the public square of Mascara, in Africa, are identical in architectural features.

*

Miss Elsie Warren, who sings the title role, cannot act a little bit, but she sings very well. She has a fine, pure voice, well trained and true, and in much of her work her singing was delightful. Experience and a strict stage manager will doubtless improve her capabilities. She has a fine part and made herself very popular during the week. Miss Edith Murilla, who sang the part of Zelia, is a bright little actress and sings prettily. The tenor of the company, Mr. Joseph Armand, who sings the role of Pierre Aubertin, has a very pleasing voice and sings very acceptably. Mr. Lloyd Wilson as Ahmed displayed a fine baritone voice of good range and volume, but hardly as well under control as it should be. His best success was made with his singing of Dudley Buck's Creole Lover's Song, which was interpolated, and in the duet, Holahe! with Fauvette. Mr. Frank B. Blair is a good comedian and brings in quite a bit of versatile business as Joseph Abrial, the barber. He is well supported by Mr. Henri Laurent as Saint Angenor, the voice-culturist, who measures all occurrences by their effect upon the voice. The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Martens, though small was delightful in its purity of tone and excellent accompaniments. A little more life and dash in the tempi would make a decided improvement in Fauvette as now rendered. There is too much amateurish easy-going in the effect as it now is.

*

We have had visits this week from two very excellent and well-known organists, Mr. Frederic Archer and Dr. Charles Davies. The latter is looking after a fine new organ being built by Warren for his church in Peterborough. Mr. Archer is taking a rest here while on the wing, but will play upon the Conservatory organ at Association Hall this evening.

*

New arrivals still come to Toronto, attracted by the facilities offered by the city as a field for teachers, one of these, Mr. H. L. Bettmann, is a violinist of fine parts who has just completed seven years' study in Europe, spent principally in Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin and Brussels. Another is Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O. England, late organist of St. George's Church, Montreal, who comes here to assume a like duty at All Saints' Church. Mr. Fairclough is well equipped for his work, having studied the organ with Walter Barratt, singing with Edmund Wharton, piano, forte and harmony with Alfred Caldecott, Mus. Bac.; and counterpoint and fugue with Dr. J. F. Bridge. Both of these gentlemen will, I believe, be attached to the staff of the Toronto College of Music.

*

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan has joined the ranks of Canadian lady composers, having written a waltz, which will shortly be published by Messrs. J. Suckling & Sons, under the title of Goldenrod.

*

Next week will bring us the great Strauss and his world-famed orchestra for three concerts, on Wednesday and Thursday, at the Pavilion. Messrs. Skinner of Hamilton, who had the public spirit and enterprise to secure the great leader for a Canadian tour, deserve hearty encouragement and need the support of every admirer of Strauss in order to save themselves from loss, as a reward of their courage. So much has been written about the electric effect of Strauss' orchestra that it would now seem almost unnecessary to add to the story, but all may feel certain that a unique and gratifying pleasure is in store for those who attend the concerts, and that music-lovers who miss going will have something to regret. METRONOME.

The Drama.

The cool weather of the past week has made the opening of the theatrical season a very auspicious one. This combined with the influx of visitors to our great industrial fair has kept our three houses of entertainment comfortably filled. There is also a large class of people whose chief diversion is found in the play. These, with their appetites sharpened by the abstinence enjoined by the summer solstitial period in theatrical circuits, flock to the opening performances of the season to feast anew with avidity on the excitements of this mimic world—often such a refreshing contrast to the monotony of their own existence. To many of these the illusions of the stage have all the vividness and force of reality. The feigned woes, temptations and trials are not alone the relieving pastimes of a tedious hour. They are sources of thought. They are themes for conversation. They are dwelt upon and revolved in the mind during the hours of toil, and by their inculcation of the ultimate triumph of right instinctively act as elements of restraint and proper guidance on minds that could not be appealed to so successfully by any abstract lessons. To the technique of the art this class is to a large degree insensible, unless it is so glaringly bad that it grates even on the pachydermatous gamin in the gods. No matter, then, how forced, stilted and improbable a play may be, it is to them a pastime, and more than that, in its excitement and emotions, they find a safety valve for surplus feelings, which, if not exhausted in this way, might become sources of danger and destruction, finding vent through some other medium. I think it would be well for those who affect to despise and sneer at sensational melodrama and senseless farce-comedy to consider that the majority of intellects are not capable of appreciating a performance on its artistic merits alone, and that there are other criterions by which they should measure such performances than that by which they would judge a play presented to a highly cultivated audience by an artist in the highest walks of his profession. If a critic were to ask himself the question, "What is such and such a blood and thunder play presented for?" the answer which would most readily present itself would be, "To make money for its owner." But if he asked it looking to its ethical values, he would find, I think, that it possessed some of the good uses I have enumerated above and that in its own rude fashion it was inculcating lessons of right and justice, or furnishing through the channels of the mind outlets for accretions of innate depravity which otherwise might escape through more degrading and dangerous channels.

* * *

At the Grand, Hallen & Hart's variety company held the boards until last night. Later On, the musical farce presented by this company, is a laughable medley of songs, jokes and fantastic actions. At its kind it is a very diverting and amusing performance. To enter into the details of its composition would be to essay an analysis of an Irish stew, or to classify the heterogeneous ingredients of a Bologna sausage. Crisp dialogue, full of surprising turns, such as comic papers are made of, interspersed with songlets, a little dancing, some flirting of lace skirts and such combinations of grotesque action as only an ingenious brain or combination of brains could devise, with some pretty costumes and prettier faces, compose the *tout ensemble*. Hallen & Hart and the people who are traveling with them this season are capable of making the most of the material I have described. The principals, who are well known here, are both good singers of comic songs and act with a reckless abandon that well becomes the general sentiment of the piece they play. Mr. Hart's songs are a particularly good feature. He is a humorist of a broader and richer scope than his partner, who at the same time is no mean vaudeville artist. Miss Annie Lewis, their leading soubrette, is a bright, saucy, engaging piece of femininity. She makes her presence felt on the stage and dances particularly well. The rest of the cast was very fair.

*

At the Grand Opera House, commencing at to-day's (Saturday) matinee and running all next week, will be given the popular London Gaiety burlesque entitled Faust up to Date. This piece, when given here last season, created an astonishing *furore* and drew crowded houses. It is endorsed by the most signal success in London and New York and is put on in a style that is not often equalled by traveling companies.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's Sims & Pettitt's melodrama, Master and Man, has been presented this week. Master and Man is a play designed to appeal to a popular rather than a critical taste. It is, however, superior to the average play of this variety. The hand of the skilled playwright is detected in it, even though at times it must have trembled at the audacious extravagance of its work. The play was constructed to suit the tastes of the turbulent populace of London. To use a painter's phrase, passions are put in strongly with a free brush, broad and vigorous in effect, but rather abrupt and harsh to the mind trained to delight in more subtle gradations and refinement of treatment. It is full of physical action. The exposition of any mental processes is entirely ignored, for that would be largely lost on the audience to which the play was designed to appeal. Thus in the working out of its plot we see the barest assertions, of no matter whom, given immediate credence and followed by violent action as the result of their import. The constructive material is of the same old sterling material of which plays and books have been made from all time. The sleek and polished villain, aided and abetted by an unscrupulous and astute henchman, persecutes a much abused hero and heroine, but in the end is overwhelmed with vengeance dire, as he well deserves. What else could you expect from a drama made to order for an audience of stolid conservative Englishmen? Master and Man as it is given here is well put on with respect to scenery and accessories. The company is one of considerable merit, most conspicuous in it being Mr. Dominick Murray. Mr. Murray is an old man and was a member of a stock company here in Toronto in days gone by. Messrs. Ralph Delmore, W. St. Clair, Harry Rogers, Palmer Collins and W. A. Mortimer took the other leading parts. The role of the heroine was well sustained by Miss Lizzie Hunt.

*

At Jacobs and Sparrow's the attraction will be William Gillette's well known Held by the Enemy, which seems to be endowed with perennial popularity. No one who has ever been at a theatre need be told what this play is like. It will draw this time as it has always drawn when presented here.

*

The Academy of Music opened on Monday with the Boston Ideal Company in Fauvette, a comic opera. This performance is treated of in the musical department.

*

Tommy Russell, who will be remembered here as the Little Lord Fauntleroy of last season, will be seen next week at the Academy in a dramatization of Mark Twain's charming story, The Prince and the Pauper. This will be Tommy's first appearance as a star, and the management have surrounded him with a clever company, and the production will be on an elaborate and lavish scale.

*

Following is a specimen Strauss programme: Overture to the opera Mignon, Thorne; Merry Tales Waltz, Eduard Strauss; Prayer from the opera Der Freischuetz, (transcription by F. Lux) Weber; Harlequin Polka, Johann Strauss; Barcarole Oriental, Eduard Strauss; Morning Paper Waltz, Johann Strauss. Intermission. Potpourri, from the Mikado, Sullivan; O Beautiful Time of Youth Polka, Eduard Strauss; Visions of a Dream, Idyl, Albert Jungmann; Life in America Waltz, (dedicated to the people of America) Eduard Strauss; Serenade, (arranged by Eduard Strauss) Franz Shubert; Story in Love and Dance Polka, Eduard Strauss. From the above it will readily be seen that while Strauss and his orchestra play everything in the most artistic manner, still the programme is arranged to suit the publict sate. For each performance there is an entire change of programme. The plans are now open at Nordheimers'.

NOTES.

Mme. Modjeska says she cannot afford to get angry, for the reason that to lose one's temper is to lose one's beauty. Husbands who have scolding wives may do themselves a good turn by cutting this out and pasting it on the mirror.

The New York *Sun* says that Boucicault's new play for Sol Smith Russell has met with signal disaster, and that A Poor Relation will be substituted. All the blame is thrown on the play. The powers of the great Dion must be on the wane.

When James Albery's Married was produced at the Royalty Theater an unknown actor made the sensation of the evening in the part of a French waiter. His "deux bocks, deux," his "bittek, un," had the genuine Parisian boulevard ring, and critics and first-nighters alike were asking one another in wonderment where Mr. Charles Wyndham had picked up this splendid and hitherto unknown character actor, whose name on the play-bill, "Mr. Crabbe," afforded no clew whatever. When little John Clarke, as a Scotch man-servant, in reply to the question whether the lady for whom he required rooms was his wife, vouchsafed the information, "No, she's my mistress"—meaning his "employer"—Crabbe's shrug of the shoulder, his purse of the lip, and his phlegmatic answer: "We are not at all particular, sar," was simply delicious. On the following morning every paper in London picked out Crabbe as a most promising comedian. Within a week after that, however, the cat was let out of the bag. Mr. Wyndham had simply engaged a French waiter to play the part.

An actress does not cease to act when she places herself before a newspaper interviewer. She realizes that he is an embodiment of camera and phonograph and that his account of her is going into publicity. Against the argument that people of the stage should be left severely to themselves when in private life, and that the public should only be concerned with their dramatic work, Alan Dale asks: "Are you not quite as interested in knowing that Henry Irving has a comfortable house in St. John's Wood as in being informed that Queen Victoria has left London for Balmoral? Don't you think that the fact of Sara Bernhardt sleeping in a coffin is quite as thrilling as the intelligence that the Prince of Wales was seen walking in Pall Mall, wearing a pair of tan kid gloves? Isn't a dinner given to Mr. Toole or Mr. Wilson Barrett worth as much mention as the banquet presided over by the many brainless society folks? I rather think so." Acting upon this belief, and perhaps shrewdly taking account of the public interest which he defends, Alan Dale has filled a volume with twenty-nine Familiar Chats with Queens of the Stage. He has done his work with a cleverness which makes it very readable, but without the fulsomeness of flattery which usually characterizes such writing. Indeed, he is inclined to be rath er disrespectful. He encountered several of the mothers of these divinities, such as Mrs. Crabtree, the eccentric and dictatorial mother of Lotta; Cynthia Leonard, the formid able candidate for the Mayoralty of New York and mother of the variety, cooing, and beautiful Lillian Russell; and Mrs. Martin, a amiable and serviceable echo as the mother of Sadie Martinot. Mr. Dale portrays Mrs. James Brown Potter as a diminutive edition of Mrs. Langtry, with none of that lady's shrewdness or wonderful business capacity. He regards Mrs. Langtry as one of the politest of social diplomats, and her delicate flattery is curiously potent. In Rose Coghlan and Isabelle Urquhart he discovered physically substantial stage heroines, the one chatting with him over a breakfast in which bacon was a chief ingredient, while the other conversed across a stew at luncheon. Fanny Davenport confesses sorrow at having reduced her weight by a rigorous practice of the Banting system, and she says that, although it fitted her for the dramatic *roles* which she essays, it has utterly ruined her health. Modjeska is represented as an intellectual woman, with ability to discuss almost any subject that may be introduced and to evolve original and interesting ideas thereon. Georgia Cayvan is as smooth to look at and listen to in her parlor as she is on the stage. She is a cultured Boston girl, with Boston characteristics. She declares that she feels very keenly the parts she plays. Clara Morris makes the same declaration, but by means of an anecdote tells how she mixes fun with her tears: "Once, in New York, when a number of us were at dinner, Mr. Stuart, one of the party, asked me the same thing. I told him to wait until after the play, and he would see if I lost myself in my *role*. We were very merry at dinner, and when it was over Stuart, who had been laughing uproariously, said: 'You needn't think you can make me cry tonight, after seeing your mirth at this table.' Well, we went to the theater. The play was Miss Multon. It has a very strong climax. The scene is very forcible. It is brought to a close by Miss Multon casting herself, or, rather, falling upon the floor, very heavily in convulsions. I fell down, as usual. I felt the part very acutely. My heart was beating violently, and I was red with excitement. As I lay there I happened to look at the box overhead. There I saw Stuart. Even in my anguish I recognized him. His nose was red from excessive weeping, and I could distinctly see the tears chasing themselves down his cheeks. I caught his eye, and—yes, I will say it—gave him a very decided wink. He was furious, and made some remark. The audience hissed him, and he went quietly to the back of the box. He has always declared that he would never forgive me for that wink."

Power of the Commonplace.

Great is the power of the commonplace. "My friends," said the preacher, in an impressive manner, "Alexander died; Napoleon died; you will all die!" The profound remark, so true, so thoughtful, creates a deep sensation. It is deepened by the statement that "man is a moral being." The profundity of such startling assertions cows the spirt; they appeal to the universal consciousness, and we bow to the genius that delivers them. "How true!" we exclaim, and go away with an enlarged sense of our own capacity for the comprehension of deep thought. Our conceit is flattered. Do we not like the books that raise us to the great level of the commonplace, whereon we move with a sense of power? Did not Mr. Tupper, that sweet, unfledged shepherd of the undisputed, lead about vast flocks of sheep over the satisfying plain of mediocrity? Was there ever a greater exhibition of power, while it lasted? The thinner this sort of thing is spread out, the more surface it covers, of course. What is so captivating and popular as a book of essays which gathers together and arranges a lot of facts out of histories and cyclopedias, set forth in the form of conversations that any one could have taken part in? Is not this book pleasing because it is commonplace? And is this because we do not like to be insulted with originality, or because in our experience it is only the commonly accepted which is true? The statesman or the poet who launches out unmindful of these conditions will be likely to come to grief in his generation. Will not the wise novelist seek to encounter the least intellectual resistance. Should one take a cynical view of mankind because he perceives this great power of the commonplace? Not at all. He should recognize and respect this power. He may even say that it is this power that makes the world go on as smoothly and contentedly as it does, on the whole. Woe to us, is the thought of Carlyle, when a thinker is let loose in this world! He becomes a cause of uneasiness, and a source of rage very often. But his power is limited. He filters through a few minds, until gradually his ideas become commonplace enough to be powerful. We draw our supply of water from reservoirs, not from torrents. Probably the man who first said that the line of rectitude corresponds with the line of enjoyment was disliked as well as disbelieved. But how impressive now is the idea that virtue and happiness are one! Perhaps it is true that the commonplace needs no defence, since everybody takes it as naturally as milk and thrives on it. Beloved and read and followed is the writer of commonplace. But is not the sunshine common and the bloom of May? Why struggle with these things in literature and life? Why not settle down upon the formula that to be platitudinous is to be happy!—*Harper's Magazine.*

Willing to Assist Her.

"Mornin', madam! Want any combs, brushes, hairpins, table cloths, towels, lead pencils, tooth brushes, or chewing gum?" The peddler put his hat on the floor, and opened his pack as he asked the question.

"No, sir," said the woman, sharply, "and I don't want any dime novels, nor chalk eggs, nor five-cent calico, nor tooth powder, nor pigs-in-clover puzzles, nor lamp wicks, nor eye salve, nor corn plasters, nor liquid blue."

"Just so. And I suppose it's no use to ask whether you'd like to look at a bottle of wrinkle fillin' for old complexions?"

"Not a bit, sir, and I know you haven't got any books on good manners, or you'd read 'em yourself occasionally."

"None of the people I call on would appreciate 'em, madam. And now if you think you have no use for the celebrated invisible ear trumpet that you can fasten in your kitchen window and hear everything your neighbors say, or the famous long-range kitchen telescope that will bring every back yard within half a mile of your house so close to you that you can almost smell the pipes the men are smokin' on the back stoops, I'll be going."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the woman of the house. "I don't know but I would like to buy those two articles, if they don't cost too much."

"All right, madam," rejoined the peddler. "If I see any chap that's got 'em to sell I'll steer him this way. Mornin', madam."

He picked up his hat, put it on his head sidewise, and went down the steps whistling Little Annie Rooney, leaving a large, crooked-nosed, raw-boned woman standing on the porch, gasping in inarticulate rage.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Never Mixed Business.

A man with a box on his shoulder was making his way along Chambers street the other day, when it fell to the walk. After two or three efforts to replace it, he appealed to a man in a doorway with:

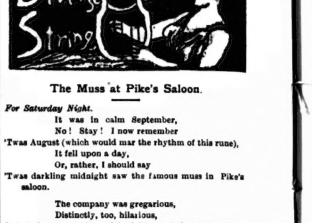
"Give me a lift, please?"

"Can't do it," was the prompt reply.

"And why not?"

"Because I never mix business. I am a plumber, and the man next door is in the elevator business. It's for him to give you a lift."

The man with the box thought for a moment, grinned in a good-natured way, and by an extra grunt re-shouldered the box and passed on. —*N. Y. Sun.*



The Muss at Pike's Saloon.

For Saturday Night.

It was in calm September,
Mo! Stay! I now remember
'Twas August (which would mar the rhythm of this rune),
It fell upon a day,
Or, rather, I should say
'Twas darkling midnight saw the famous muss in Pike's saloon.

The company was gregarious,
Distinctly, too, bilacious,
In fact the tongue of scandal might assert that it was tight,
And I'm constrained to say,
In a general sort of way
That I, for one, should deem her ladyship as in the right.

There was Jones, a dark-haired drummer,
There was Jaggs that cheerful bummer,
And Tim Macarthy (descended from a hundred Irish kings),
Besides there were a score
Of men who drank galore
Of "tangle-foot," and "sudden-death," and divers other things.

At first, impersonal,
Their talk was general,
And all went merrily as the proverbial marriage peal,
Till in a luckless moment,
That drummer, all aglow, went
For William Ewart Gladstone whom he styl'd as black as sheol.

Which roused the patriot dander
Of that Irish salamander
Macarthy (one of the Macarthys from the county Clare)
Who with Milesian quickness,
Marr'd much by liquor's thickness,
Averred that Jones' character was blacker than his hair.

This Jones essay'd to smother
By bawling "Yc'u're another,
And stigmatized the patriot as the veriest scum of earth,
Then, in plain language, hinted,
With blasphemy unstinted,
At the undoubted baseness of our friend Macarthy's birth.

Swift as a flash, instanter,
A whisky cut decanter
Sped through the atmosphere, and in its onward leap
Smote Jones the drummer's face,
And, tumbling swift from grace,
The luckless monarch of the road was gently put to sleep.

Then, moved to swift compassion,
In a desultory fashion,
The crowd chimed in—no matter why—to swell that midnight fuss,
And smote, with smile complacent,
The headpiece most adjacent,
Which thing, I'm told, is de *rigueur* at any well-bred muss.

Ah! as the down of thistles,
Flew their ungenerous missiles,
Till the electric light became a subterranean blue,
Lord love you! it was fun
To see 'em one by one
Fall to—and as the scamps fell to, as quickly fell they too.

Macarthy here and there,
Macarthy everywhere,
Such yells—you'd think he'd turn his epiglottis out o' door,
Till "a cuckoo on the pus"
In that reprehensive muss,
Spread out the heir of Irish royalty upon the floor.

Biff! Crash!!—without ado,
Cripes! how those glasses flew,
Gad! it was fine to see that nigger show such vim and go,
Till it somehow came to pass
A ruptured piece of glass
Took him behind the ear, and laid the Senegambian low.

Anon, did softly steal
Namesakes of Robert Peel,
Whose rude official footsteps spurn'd the wrecks of that sad scene,
As they with fist and baton
Proceeded soon to flatten
To horizontal that which perpendicular had been.

On chaos and alarm
There fell a holy calm,
As soft the pitying glances of the chaste young harvest moon
Fell on that sad procession—
Victims in law's possession—
Who fill'd the patrol wagon at the door of Pike's saloon.

H. K. COCKIN.

Autumn.

For Saturday Night.

Now all surrounded by a sunburnt train,
Laden with luscious fruits and golden grain,
The matron Autumn stands.
Her heavy robes their tightened folds enwrap,
While she the treasures of her teeming lap
Scatters with lavish hand.

How sweet to wander by the stubble field,
Now closely shorn of all its precious yield,
And garnered for our need,
Or to the distant-dappled orchard hie,
Where 'neath the trees the rosy apples lie
Deep in the dewy mead.

Or on the margin mark the trailing vine,
Where bunches green to amber tint incline
Till red and ripe they hang.
Or seize the bough that over-laden dips
With peaches rare, which tempt the spoiler's lips—
A feast ambrosial.

Sweet orchard, studded with autumnal flowers,
Where 'neath the hedge the timi d fledgling cowers
From errant footsteps rude.
I love each vista with its light and shades,
Its gnarled trunks, and all its silent glades,
A plenteous solitude.

Far in thy deep recesses would I stray—
Where thou dost offer from the sun's fierce ray
A grateful shade around.
Here one might fancy Muta her home makes,
For echo sleeps, and not a voice awakes
A silence all profound.

Fair, fair is Spring with unaffected grace,
And ardent Summer with her radiant face,
When carole fill the grove.
But Autumn, though thou hast not youth nor lays,
I'd choose the quiet of thy mellow days
And thy maternal love.

R. CROOKENDEN.

The Choice of a Man.

You've your choice, dear, and taken your stand—
Wealth and fame might be won; in your hand
The world would have laid its richest pulse,
But you turned from the world. Do you now despise
What it could have given? You are not great,
But poor and unknown; it is now too late.

Ah! but I know what you might have done—
Have stained your soul ere the stake was won,
Have lied, and cheated, and felt no shame,
In the eager race for riches and fame.
Though none may know it save you and I,
You let the world and its pomp go by.

I hold, my darling, you're greater now,
Unknown, unnoticed, than if your brow
Were bound with laurel and bay, for you
Have fought the fight, and tried, and true,
You smile as you weigh the gain and the cost,
My love you've kept, and the world you've lost.

Noted People.

An old Mississippi river pilot says that "Mark Twain" was the laziest white man he ever saw in a pilot house.

Ella Chamberlain, a beauty who lives at Swansecot, Mass., has developed a talent for whistling and will go abroad to rival Mrs. Shaw.

Walt Whitman writes to a friend that he is putting in order a little six or eight page annex to his book, and that, he says, will probably be the finish.

Nellie Bly has made an arrangement with one of the publishers of the west to write serials for three years. The first year she gets $10 000, and the second and third $15,000 each, and no rebate.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is at Marienbad with her invalid son. She is endeavoring to get back to work again, and her friends hope she will try the relief of active occupation, both for her own sake and in the interest of the reading public.

The Queen Dowager of Portugal does not study expense. She recently bought 1,000 pairs of shoes in Paris and ordered seventy dresses from Worth. The dresses were lost at sea, and her Majesty promptly ordered seventy more to replace them.

Sister Rose Gertrude, the young English nurse who created such a sensation a few months ago by volunteering to go to the Molakai leper station, has given up the work, because she is displeased with the local management of it.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known as John Strange Winter, author of Bootles' Baby, is a pretty wo nan, 30 years of age, a good cook, a capital housewife, and a very delightful hostess. Her famous Bootles' Baby has given her an independent income.

The present Harpers are grandsons of the original printers, but they retain their adherence to the craft. They are still printers and each one of the family that intends entering the firm must first learn the trade. He starts as an apprentice and is not admitted to the firm until he has mastered the craft.

Mrs. Harriet Parker of Dedham, Wis., received a visit from a hungry and savage bear during her husband's absence, but did not lose presence of mind. Taking down her husband's Winchester, she managed things so well that when Mr. Parker got home the bear was dead, his skin was off, and the meat was dressed.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, who first introduced the Froebel or Kindergarten system of instruction into this country, and who was the third of that remarkable trio of "Peabody girls," one of whom married Horace Mann and the other Nathaniel Hawthorne, is still living, with mind yet clear and benevolence undiscouraged at the ripe age of eighty-nine.

Few princesses in the royal and semi-royal houses of Europe are so sensible as the Princess Maria Anna of Portugal, who is about to marry an untitled doctor of medicine. In reply to an intimate friend who asked her recently how she could marry a man of such low rank, when so many princely suitors were at her disposal, she said: "I prefer to marry a man without a name, rather than a name without a man."

Mrs. Eudora S. Bumstead, the author of many charming poems for the children, in the magazines of the day, is a resident of Beatrice, Nebraska, where she has lived since her second year. Mrs. Bumstead is of Quaker descent, and is said to be a perfect type of that people, having all of their kindliness, simplicity, and aversion to show and sham. She is remarkably well-informed, thoroughly analytic in mind, and generous, tender, and sympathetic in all her associations.

When Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher went out as a bride to her husband's first parish in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the young couple began house-keeping in a small domicile of two rooms over a stable, costing them forty dollars a year, and she sold some of her wedding fineries to help furnish this bare abode. One cold room of a barn-like building served as the church, and on Saturday afternoons it was Mrs. Beecher's part to sweep and dust it, and fill the lard-oil lamps, while the minister chopped the wood, cut the kindlings, and laid the fires.

William Dean Howells chooses the titles of his novels from Shakespeare, A Hazard of New Fortunes and The Shadow of a Dream; the former comes from King John and the latter from Hamlet; it was in Hamlet, also, that he found his two titles, The Undiscovered Country and A Counterfeit Presentment; Othello gave him A Foregone Conclusion; Jacques in As You Like It gives A Modern Instance, and Two Gentlemen of Verona supplies A Woman's Reason.

A pretty surprise was prepared for the Archduchess Valerie, on the eve of her wedding, by her parents, the Emperor and Empress of Austria. In the evening, the party went out upon a balcony at the imperial villa at Ischl, and presently, in the still night, rose sweetly the notes of a tender love-song, the words and music of which had been composed by the young bride. Her eyes overflowed with grateful tears as she looked from her father to her mother. The emperor afterward went below and gave each singer a handsome diamond scarf-pin, thanking them at the same time for their rendering of the song.

Probably the oldest living authoress in this country is Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was very prominent before the war, not only as a writer, but as a lecturer. The Boston *Transcript* says of her: "Although still a contributor to one of the literary weeklies of New York, both in prose and verse, her name is rarely seen elsewhere, and the general impression doubtless is that she has passed away. Born at what is now Cumberland, Maine—her maiden name was Prince—she was married at sixteen to Seba Smith, author of the once famous Major Jack Downing letters, and some years afterward went to New York. She was one of the early advocates of woman's rights, speaking on the subject in all the larger cities and contributing various articles to the magazines of the day. Women and Her Needs, published forty years ago, attracted much attention, and elicited warm commendation from literary circles."

In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. I.

I DON'T wonder that the ancients deified and worshipped their great rivers," Tomsing said to me one day, when we were paddling up the Nepigon.

This saying was in harmony with my mood. When the gods are good to us they give us companions who feel as we do, and have a faculty of expressing our thought which, as yet, is undefined.

"Look at the rush of water—the swirling, foaming, roaring torrent! What is there in Nature which carries with it the same overwhelming sense of motion, majesty and power?"

"Fire," I suggested, as I lit my pipe. Strange, isn't it, how one's pipe either goes out or is burned out amidst scenes which enrapture us.

"No. Fire isn't as overpowering as water," he replied. "Somehow it carries the idea of vengeance more than of power and majesty."

I laughed. "Tomsing," said I, "how well

you have defined your creed. You are a Baptist and Calvinist."

"Come now," he retorted, shortly, "Keep off your religious and controversial fads. Do you wonder that the pagans worshipped the rivers?"

"Yes I do, if the fish bit as badly for them as they are doing for me."

At night Tomsing who is "gone" on the Nepigon—a sort of "Nepigoner" as it were—re-opened the subject, taking occasion to again rebuke my levity.

The Genius, who is a clergyman in a far Western city and the most enthusiastic trout fisherman I ever knew, fixed his eye-glasses and after undue references to his own luck warned me that the water sprites were unappeased in my case because I had not waded in search of the elusive fish.

[NOTE.—I shall not refer to "speckled beauties" in these sketches—I have made vows.]

One day, after the Genius had waded for miles and lay exhausted at the foot of Pine Portage, I happened to bring in eight trout, while he had but little to show for his work. "How about the water witches and the riparian gods?" I asked.

"What did you catch them with?"—I had eight fine trout—"A Devon, mostly," I admitted.

"A devil you should say," he snapped. "It is murder to use a trap like that."

Right here let me remark that a silver Devon is exactly the proper bait for trailing down a rapid stream and reeling in. For trolling in swirling pools at the foot of rapids for either bass or trout nothing beats it.

It was a rather oddly assorted party from my standpoint. Though the six of us had much in common, I was the odd sheep—I suggested this, and was told that "lost sheep" would be nearer it. For the fifteen days we were on the river we had what was known in my boyhood home as "family worship," for they were religious really and truly as well as after the orthodox sort. I liked it. I had seen camp life under every other circumstance, and it pleased me to be one of half-a-dozen who did what perhaps had never before been done on the greatest brook-trout river in the world. I like good people though I admit I am not easily convinced of the goodness of those who profess great things. No doubt we groundlings are suspicious and materialistic, but I defend our attitude by asking as I asked of the Professor and the Genius—both clergymen—"Who made us so?"

"'Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For God hath made them so.'"

I quoted—"Now if I bark and bite when you urge me to accept orthodox things which I can't accept, who made me so?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Genius in disgust, "If you classify yourself with dogs, there can be nothing said."

I found the Genius inclined to this sort of answer. Indeed he was so fond of it that I confess it induced me to be guilty of a frequent repetition of that sort of question.

Though our party was arranged in Toronto some of the members of it were picked up by the way or joined us at Nepigon. We went to Port Arthur by steamer, thence by train. A traveler passing through the village of Nepigon has considerable opportunity of seeing the beauties of the place. Along the north shore of Lake Superior are many places of wild and wondrous beauty, not a few of them however are concealed from the railway tourist by unromantic rocks and scraggy unbeautiful woods. Scrubby cedar and the useless jack pine hide from view on the sterile north shore many stretches of river, winding amidst precipitous banks which have a charm of their own, an effectiveness which is not detracted from by the splendor of their surroundings. At no point along the shore, and I speak as one who knows for I have traveled over nearly all of it on a hand car—is there a more effective scene than from a point a little way west of the railway bridge, looking down the Nepigon as it winds between high and treeclad banks, broadening into a bay as it sweeps past the Hudson Bay post and the cluster of white buildings which make up the trader's establishment. It was this trader, a very pleasant gentleman too, of whom we procured our canoes and most of our supplies. Our Indians were brought from Fort William because we had been told the Nepigon Indians were suffering from big-head and were demanding extortionate wages. The fact that we brought in four Chippewas had a very subduing effect and wages we were afterwards told went down to their normal condition, which is a dollar and a half a day, everything found. Not bad wages I think for men who are as averse to labor as the river Indians are. The Hudson Bay people pay them very much less, though of course their term of employment is longer. Our Indians were a very picturesque lot. The head man, Martin Ducharme, was short and very stoutly built and has the reputation of being the best canoeist on Thunder Bay. Martin, who is a Cree-Chippewa-French-Canadian mixture, exhibited signs of too much drink as he boarded the train at Port Arthur. He walked too erect for perfect sobriety, his enormous chest bulging out, his thick neck swollen, and his receding forehead beaded with perspiration. His brother-in-law, a thorough-bred Chippewan Indian, short of stature and wiry of build, had nothing to say, possibly because he could speak but few words of English and found it convenient to conceal the fact that he understood our language very well. His English name was Abraham. His Indian appellation was Minnewabash, which is said to mean "drifting with the wind," or "drifting on the water." I could never find out just which. We immediately shortened his name to Wabash. He hadn't over fifteen cents' worth of clothes on him, and his wardrobe by the time we got to Nepigon received such attention as a small advance of wages would permit. The tall and handsome man among the Indians was Joe Collins, who is more than three-quarters white, the mixture being Scotch instead of French-Canadian. He speaks English, French and Indian fluently, has traveled with surveying parties, been a Hudson Bay *voyageur*, a lumber hand and riverman. He was the only one of the four who ever condescended to put a "Mr." before the names of his employers, to say "sir," or to avoid being rude when possible. Paul Duchelle, the fourth man, was not yet twenty, claimed to be a full-blooded Indian, was slightly deaf when asked to do any hard work, and was the sly practical joker of the camp. He seldom spoke, but he had a twinkle in his eye which suggested anything but pure Indian.

After we got our canoes and supplies down to the river, we had our first night in camp. It was so late that our tent was but indifferently put up and the Indians after covering our provisions with the canoes preferred to stretch themselves with their tent loosely drawn over them. Joe was the only one who had not filled his skin with whisky, but as he had just left his bride of a few months he was feeling very lonesome and sullen and our first evening's service was decidedly bad. A couple of gentlemen from St. Paul, Minn., were camped on one side of us and a large party from Missouri, which included half a dozen ladies, was on the other side. The musquitoes, almost as large as humming birds, were everywhere. A threatened storm seemed to make them anxious to supply themselves with nourishment, and we had a real beastly night of it.

The Indians insisted that it was not likely to rain. I insisted that it was. About three o'clock in the morning a peculiarly doleful soughing of the wind announced to me as I lay fighting musquitoes that the storm was near at hand. I dislike sleepyheads when I am wakeful myself, and as I sat up and looked around the tent, now and then illumined by a flash of lightning, I saw that my friends had piled nearly all their wearing apparel close to the canvas. With that self-sacrifice for which I no doubt acquired a reputation, I woke them up and called their attention to the fact and was told to lie down and behave myself, that it was not going to rain, that the Indians knew more about it than I did. I moved everything away from the canvas and went out and made the Indians take care of the provisions, which they did with exceeding bad grace. In a few moments a most awful torrent of water poured down upon us, which I am glad to say soaked those lazy redskins thoroughly. In the morning I spoke of my exertions of the previous night and how disastrous it would have been had I not kept watch over our combined interests, but my remarks excited no enthusiasm, in fact my persistence seemed to sore them, and I dropped the subject, determined that next time I looked after their welfare they would know it and would probably present me with an address of thanks.

PAUL.

In the morning all our supplies had to be torn to pieces to find something for breakfast. The Indians looked headachy and the white men had mosquito bites to beat four of a kind. The good nature of the occasion was forced, but quite general. The grass, which was about a foot and a half high, was wet. I reminded the gentleman who had so strongly advised me not to bring my gum boots that he had made a mistake, and I wondered of what value his previous excursions up the Nepigon had been to him. The mosquitoes were still there. Everything seemed wet and musty; everybody's clothes had got mixed the night before. In sorting them out they were thrown where nobody could find them. Nearly all of us had left our watches in charge of Mr. Flannigan, the Hudson Bay agent, the Professor and Mr. Riley each having provided himself with a Waterbury, they were not afraid of damaging them and were relied upon to provide us with the time of day. Of course they both let their watches run down. It did not matter so much on this occasion as we got the time from our neighbors. Afterwards when we had no neighbors we had to guess at the time and fix the watches by consensus of opinion as to whether it was morning or night, and as a rule we were never right within an hour or an hour and a half.

I provided myself before starting with a camera. I had intended taking a large Kodak but at the last moment found it impossible to get any films. I borrowed a big one from Jack Bryce, the photographer, large enough to photograph anything and heavy enough to make me wish over five hundred times that I had left it at home. It had straddle legs which folded up and which on being straightened out invariably pinched a piece out of my finger. The lens turned inside out so as to be packed in small compass. The bowels of the thing folded up in the box and stretched out, when in shape for work, the focusing screen fell down when you wanted it to stay up and stayed up when you wanted to take it down. I didn't know how to use it but he assured me that that made no difference, anybody could take photographs with that camera. I believed him. I don't now. I carried thirty-six great big glass plates, each one large enough to glaze a small window, and the whole outfit heavy enough to sink a ship. I begin to think he was playing a practical joke on me when he insisted on my taking that instrument. He warned me not to leave it out in the sun, to be careful to keep the plates from too strong a light even when covered up, not to let anything get damp, to change the plates in the slides where no white light of any sort could strike them. He showed me how to use the focuses, put the machine together, take out the plates, put in the slides, where to put the screws, till he convinced me that I knew as much about photography as he does, and I started away from Toronto lugging that machine, full of hope. Of course it was easy to keep things dry when you had them with you in a tent where everything else got wet, to change the plates where there was no dark room, but I never thought of that till I saw the camera floating around in the bottom of a leaky canoe and the oilcloth around the plates blistering in the sun. I calculated the Indians would carry this stuff across the portages, some of which were two or three miles long. I cautioned them to keep the package of plates out of the sun and wet, and be careful and not drop the camera, which was done up in a case nearly as big as a biscuit box. I think they imagined it would hoodoo them to have such a machine on their back, and at the start off they let it drop. After I got the camera together again I decided to carry it myself. From that time out relays of the white men of the outfit carried these frangible goods. I spent considerable of my time keeping them out of the sun and wet. I would just as soon take a yearling baby with me as a camera of that sort. It would not be a bit more trouble.

I went up the railroad bridge in the morning, after breakfast, and after spreading the legs of the machine and putting it all together, I adjusted the focus and put in a slide, squeezed the instantaneous arrangement which is supposed to complete things in about half a second, and then discovered that I had not taken the slide out, and that the exposure had been made on a piece of wood. I readjusted the focus, put the slides back in, put the cap on, took the shutter out, squeezed the little rubber ball, and supposed everything was all right till Riley, who had volunteered to be my assistant, discovered that the instantaneous business had got stuck, and the sun had been shining in on the plate for four or five minutes, no doubt completely ruining it. I tried another one, adjusted the focus, again screwed up the screw, so that the camera would not swing around and take the wrong piece of landscape or waterscape, got out the slide and squeezed the ball again. It went off all right, but when I took out the slide I glanced through and am very much afraid that I did not take anything but a big tree, as the thing had moved in the meantime.

Looking down the valley where our camp was, I found that our companions were ready to start. We folded up our machine and covered with perspiration, confusion and musquito bites retraced our steps.

Taking it all round the send-off was a little mixed, and nothing but the Christian character of my comrades and a stern resolution to behave myself kept us from being cross.

DON.

To Lake Huron.

From east to west, from north to south, where heaven's dreams are fusled,
You shine and shake and pulse and beat about the summer world.
Past river mouth and lonely crag your sinuous outlines run,
Where half a hundred miles of beach lies lapping in the sun;
Where half a hundred miles of blue sways glistening to and fro,
Between the heaven's blue above and earth's great breast below.
Could I but steal a day of life, one free, unfettered day,
From out the human cark and care that wear the heart away,
I'd spend it by your reaches bright and watch your glories shine,
While spills from heaven's azure cup the summer's flaming wine.
I'd lie and let you lap my feet through all the golden hours,
Until the even came and strewed the heaven with stars like flowers.
I'd lie so close to Nature's heart beneath the sunny air,
I'd learn the songs of love and hope that she keeps crooning there.
I'd quaff your cup of air and sun and let it drench my soul,
Rinse out the curse of feebleness and make me clean and whole;
And make me whole and clean and glad, like to those mighty ones,
Whom in the years of earth's strong youth God loved to call his sons.
O Huron glad, O Huron strong, O limpid, laughing, free,
Upon your broad, blue, burnished breast one summer's day to be!
Of all God's gifts, God's glad, sweet gifts, I ask but only one,—
To lie beside your breast or drift beneath your air and sun,
And watch through fleecy vapor flags, your shore-lines fade and die,
To north, to south, in luminous lines behind the azure sky,
And drink the greatness brooding down close over wave and shore,
As when the Mighty spake with men in earth's old days of yore.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL in *New England Magazine*.

No Rush.

Anxious Inquirer—I have called to ask about a car-load of merchandise shipped to me from — city. It should have been here in June, over a month ago.

Freight Representative—Freight paid?

Anxious Inquirer—Yes; and delivery promised in ten days.

Freight Representative—When did you say it was shipped?

Anxious Inquirer—In June.

Freight Representative (turning over his records)—What year.

Anxious Inquirer swoons.

Freight Representative lights a fresh cigar.—*Anniston Hot Blast.*

How a Doggie Earned a New Collar.

"There is some use for those much-condemned cars," said a Washington Heights man last night to a reporter.

"Please explain."

"The other night I was going home about seven o'clock and my wife was sitting in the window waiting for me. We've not been married long. She is real pretty and she looked radiant in her light, cool summer gown. One of these lank bicycle dudes rode slowly along on the asphalt trying to flirt with her. She saw me coming and smiled. The dude thought it was for him and showed that he felt encouraged. I was in a rage. My neighbor across the street has an ugly little cur that I had threatened to kill half a dozen times. He came out and barked at the bicycle flirt. The rider paid no attention to him but kept on flirting. Just then doggie got in front of the wheel and Mr. Dude took a header. It was comical and I laughed so that I couldn't even kick the fallen flirt. I'll buy a nice collar for doggie now, bless him.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A Heartfelt Utterance.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Spoiling a Husband.

Caller—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband!

Young Wife—Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him, so that if I die, and he marries again, no other woman can live with him.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VIOLET GAINS A SIGNAL VICTORY.

The child was only pretending not to hear. She caught the sound of her much tried companion's sigh, and instantly her lips began to twitch and curve slightly in a smile that had a suspicion of triumph in it.

Violet saw it, and instantly the lines about her own mouth grew firmer and more resolute.

"She thinks to tire me out and gain her point," she said to herself, "but I am going to settle who is to rule, once for all. If I can not have her respectful obedience it will be useless for me to remain here."

She arose and passed into her own room, but presently returned bringing with her a dainty little basket in which there lay some fancy-work and bright flosses.

Seating her seat by the window she busied herself with her embroidery, apparently oblivious of the fact that there was any one else in the room.

The hour that followed was tedious in the extreme to both teacher and pupil, for not one single word was spoken during that time.

When the clock struck ten—the hour generally devoted to music—Violet arose and, going to the piano, began to play.

Instantly Bertha's chubby hands went up to her ears again, but her young teacher, without appearing to notice the movement, kept on, and did a faithful half-hour's practice for herself.

Then she began to sing a sweet little ballad which she had learned soon after her mother's death. It was plaintive, and told the story of a lonely little heart longing for mother-love, and she had not reached the end of the second verse when she saw the tears streaming over Bertha's little face, and knew that her wedge had entered the obstinate little soul.

Still she pretended to ignore her, keeping on with her song until she had finished it, then she went back to her work in the window.

Presently a timid, somewhat uncertain voice said:

"Miss Huntington."

"Well, dear."

"May—may I have oysters for my lunch?"

"Ah! those oysters! Were ever such tender things so hard to be disposed of." But she took courage from the form of the request and the appealing tone.

"No, dear," she quietly answered.

"Why?" imperatively.

"Because I have said, once, that you cannot have them, and have given Mary orders to provide them for your breakfast to-morrow morning," was the calm response; then she added: "Now, let us talk no more about the unpleasant subject, but attend to our duties. It is time for your geography lesson."

"I do not want my geography. I must do my history first," was the rebellious response.

"The history hour is past, and will not come again until to-morrow," Violet replied.

She knew that the child was very much interested in her history—she always listened attentively while she read it to her, and seldom had to be prompted in repeating it; but the lessons had all been assigned for certain hours in the day, and she did not intend to break her rules or be governed by the caprices of this spoiled girl of twelve.

"I don't care; I shall not do my geography until I have done my history," retorted Bertha, angrily.

"Bertha," said Violet, gravely, "we are going to do the lessons in their regular order every day, for if we jumble things we shall never have any system. Now I hope you are going to do right, because only those who do their duty are happy. I know you are unhappy now because you have done wrong this morning, and it makes me sad also. We did not begin the day just as we should, but let us go on and finish it as well as we can, and try to do better to-morrow."

"No-o; if I cannot do my history, I shall not do anything else," the girl answered, defiantly.

"Very well," Violet said, coldly, "then there will be no lessons to-day, nor readings of any kind."

"Oh! aren't you going to read to me from that nice book that papa brought to me yesterday?" Bertha demanded, anxiously.

"No, I cannot read to any little girl who will not obey me."

"I never obey anybody but papa," was the pouting rejoinder.

"Your father wishes you to obey me, Bertha, and—if you do not I shall be obliged to go away. I shall never ask you to do anything save what I believe to be right, and if you cannot give me your obedience I shall have to find some other little girl to teach."

A look of dismay passed over Bertha's face for a moment; but having always won the victory in all previous battles with other governesses, she imagined that she would in this, eventually.

"I don't care—I am not going to do any lessons to-day," she said, shortly, and Violet felt severely tried—indeed, almost discouraged.

But she had made up her mind not to yield her point, and so kept quietly on with her work.

Bertha brought out her dolls and began to play with them, and for a couple of hours she managed to get on very well. At the end of that time she grew tired of being so by herself, and begged Violet to read to her.

"Come here, Bertha, if you please," Violet said, without replying directly to her question.

Bertha, wondering at the grave tone, went and stood before her teacher.

"Can you see my face, dear?" she asked.

"Yes," the child said, peering up at her curiously.

"Can you see my eyes?"

"Yes, I see them," Bertha replied, bringing her face very close to Violet's.

"Tell me how they look."

"They look kind of—sorry, and your face is like papa's when he is grieved and displeased with me."

"I am sorry and grieved; more grieved than I can tell you, to have had this unpleasantness with my little friend," Violet said, sadly. "you know, dear, that you are not doing right, and that I should be doing you wrong and injury to let you have your own way. You would not respect me or believe me truthful if I should give up to you. I have told you just how the lessons must go on, and I shall make no change, and if you cannot do as I wish you must amuse yourself as best you can."

"And you will not read me any stories at all to day?" and there was a suspicious tremor in the young tones, for the child dearly loved this recreation, and Violet was a very entertaining reader.

"No; the stories only come after lessons, you know."

Bertha went thoughtfully back to her dolls, and played by herself until lunch was brought up, when she sat down at the table and ate heartily, for by this time she was very hungry.

No mention was made of oysters, and Violet earnestly hoped that that battle would not have to be fought over again.

After lunch, blocks and other playthings were called into service, and the child busied herself with them during the greater part of the afternoon.

Now and then she would ask some question of Violet, who answered kindly and pleasantly, but always without looking up from her work or appearing to be in the least interested in Bertha's employment.

When twilight began to gather, Bertha left her toys and came to sit down by her teacher—who had now laid aside her work—her young face wearing a sober look. After a while she slipped one hand into that of Violet, who clasped it kindly and drew her still nearer.

"Will you please sing me something, Miss Huntington?" the child asked after a while.

"I should be very glad to, Bertha, but I cannot to-day," was the grave reply.

Nothing further was said upon that subject, and presently they fell to talking in a quiet, social way, and this was kept up until dinner was announced, when Violet and her pupil went down, as was their custom, to eat with Mr. Lawrence.

"How have the lessons been getting on to-day, little daughter?" Mr. Lawrence inquired during the meal, and observing that Bertha was more quiet than usual

The child grew suddenly crimson, hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I didn't feel much like lessons to-day. Will you take me out for a drive to-morrow, papa?"

It was evident to all that Miss Bertha wished to change the subject introduced by her father, and Mr. Lawrence smiled as he glanced significantly at Violet, thus showing that he understood there had been trouble in the schoolroom.

"Perhaps so, dear," he answered. "We will see how the lessons get on to-morrow," and then he began talking of other things.

After dinner, however, he asked Violet if there had been any disturbance, and she gave him a truthful account of all that had occurred, remarking, as she concluded:

"I believed that it I could be firm at the outset and make the dear child understand that I must have her obedience, it would be better for all of us. If I had allowed her to conquer me in this, I am convinced that it would have been but the beginning of trouble, and I could be of little service to her."

"You are right, Miss Huntington," Mr. Lawrence said, bestowing a glance of approbation upon her, and secretly well pleased with this evidence of her decision of character, "and it would have been far better if Bertha had had a firm rule like this from early childhood. All her other governesses have yielded to her, and I fear I have not carried as steady a hand with her as I should have done. Keep on as you have begun, Miss Huntington, and you will secure my unbounded gratitude, if you can conquer this singular obstinacy which has seemed to possess the child all her life."

Violet was much relieved to find that he regarded her course of action so sensibly, and she felt strengthened to go on as she had begun.

The next morning the much-coveted oysters appeared upon the breakfast table, and they were broiled to a delicious flavor.

No remark was made about them until Violet put a bountiful supply upon a plate and told Mary to pass them to Miss Bertha.

"I do not want any oysters, and I shall not eat any," that young lady pertly asserted, much to Violet's dismay, for she had flattered herself that there would be no trouble on that question that morning.

"Then give them to me, if you please, Mary," she quietly said, then helped Bertha to a nice bit of steak, which she requested the girl to cut up for her.

"I wonder if we are going to have yesterday's experience repeated," the young teacher said to herself, but she could see by the expression on Bertha's face that she was greatly disappointed at being taken at her word. She had evidently expected to be coaxed to eat her oysters, and when she was coaxed she was ashamed to ask for them. "I am sorry for her," thought Violet, with a sigh, "but I do not see the lesson will do her good, and will never need to be repeated."

She began to chat pleasantly upon other subjects, and the meal was finished in the most friendly manner.

At nine o'clock Violet took up the history, and began to read the neglected lesson of yesterday, while Bertha gave earnest attention to every word, after which she gave a very clear account of what she had heard.

She then went to her practice without a word of objection, and when her mother came to listen fully, after which her other lessons were taken up as u-ual.

All during the day she was obedient and respectful, and when the lessons were completed, Violet, with a tenderer feeling for her than she had yet experienced, read her the most charming story that she could find.

By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Lawrence paid them a visit, and finding his daughter in a sunnier mood than usual, looked the pleasure he felt.

He told them that he had come to take them to drive in Central Park, and a few minutes later they were rolling rapidly out toward that beautiful spot, behind a pair of handsome bays.

That evening, just before it was time for Bertha to retire, she stole softly to Violet's side, wound her arms about her neck, and, peering eagerly into her face, shyly remarked:

"Miss Huntington, your eyes do not look 'sorry' to-night."

"No, indeed, dear; they ought to look very bright and happy, after such a delightful day as we have had," Violet answered.

"It has been a good day, hasn't it?" Bertha questioned, laying her head fondly on her teacher's shoulder.

"Yes, and all days will be 'good days,' if we do right," was the gentle response, as Violet passed her arm around the child and drew her closer to her.

"I wonder, Miss Huntington, if you will get to love me by and by," Bertha said, wistfully, after a little pause.

"I love you now, dear," was the sweet-voiced assurance.

"Truly?"

"Yes, truly and dearly," and a soft kiss emphasized the statement.

"But—

"But what, Bertha?"

"You didn't love me yesterday."

"Oh, yes I did, my dear child."

"How could you. It did not seem like love when you were so—so s ern and set."

"I certainly should not have shown love for you if I had allowed you to have your own way."

"Shall you always be so?"

"So'—how?"

"Why, set—determined."

"I hope I shall always be firm enough to do what is right, dear."

"Is it right to make little girls do what they do not want to?"

"Yes, if what they wish to do is wrong."

"Don't you ever say 'yes,' when you have once said 'no,' Miss Huntington?"

"I do not mean to, Bertha, for I am afraid that a certain little girl, whom I know, would not trust or respect me if I should," Violet answered, gravely.

"I love you," said the child, impulsively, and Violet felt that she had won no mean victory, and one the influence of which would be felt as long as she retained her present position.

Those three simple, earnest words told her that by continuing firm during their recent contest, she had gained an influence and hold upon the young girl's heart that she would never lose, and she resolved to persevere in the course she had laid out for herself.

It was easy to resolve when her pupil was in such a delightful mood, but it was not so easy to execute, and Violet had to exercise all the patience and self-control of which she was possessed, for during the next few weeks there were several repetitions of wilfulness and obstinacy on the part of her pupil, although she never held out so long again and was more easily conquered each time.

She finally seemed to realize that her governess meant just what she said—that sooner or later she must yield her the obedience which she demanded; and after a while it became evident to Violet that she was really trying to conquer her antagonistic disposition, and was truly anxious to please her.

There were many struggles and many failures, for over indulgence had pampered her disposition and fostered a selfishness which was not easily mastered; but the strong will was not being bent in the right direction, and the fruits of firmness and decision were making themselves manifest; while, as Violet was always patient and gentle, tender in reproof, and sympathetic whenever Bertha manifested sorrow, the child gradually grew to love her almost to idolatry.

Six months after the young teacher took up her abode in that elegant home, one would hardly have recognized the docile, obedient child, and every one in the house marveled at the change in her.

Study grew delightful to her; she made rapid progress in her music, and became so gentle and courteous to the servants, so affectionate and companionable with her father, that she was like a sunbeam in the house.

(To be continued.)

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyrian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

Heels.

The heel of a shoe seldom wears away evenly across the bottom. Generally it wears off on the outer side first, causing the shoe to run down on that side. This is sometimes the fault of the shoe, but more often it results from the shape of the leg and the manner of walking. When the outline of the shoe does not conform to the outline of the sole there will be more or less strain brought to bear upon the former in walking. The foot will constantly be trying to assume its proper position, and in the end will force the sole to yield, thus inclining both it and the upper toward one side or the other.

Frequently the manner in which both sole and heel are worn away is the result of the wearer's mode of walking. For instance, the man who is bow-legged naturally treads first in walking on the outer side of the shoe. The effect of this will be to wear off that side in advance of the other parts. With the man whose knees turn inward, which is termed knock-kneed, the effect will be the opposite.

A man who is below the medium height almost always takes longer steps in proportion to his size than one who is taller than the average, for the reason, probably, that the shorter man lengthens his step to keep pace with one of a higher stature, and the latter diminishes. On this account the heels of the shorter man's shoes will wear off quickly at the back, those of the taller with more uniformity. When the legs are straight and the toes are turned slightly outward in walking the sole—if properly shaped to the foot—will be apt to wear off evenly across the ball, while the wear of the heel will be at the center of the back, and will be greater or less in proportion to the length of the step taken.

A row of steel nails driven in that part of the heel which first feels the effect of wear is the usual remedy for these irregularities, but in bad cases it will be found to be a benefit to trim the side of the heel which first wears away nearly straight up and down; this, by allowing more leather on that side, will retard, to a great degree, its wear.

Steel nails at the back edge of the heels are economical as to leather, but when closely set and smoothly worn they are a source of danger to pedestrians, but little less than the banana peel on the sidewalk.

Instances of narrow escapes from sprains are frequently seen in which the foot, while striking the back edge of the heel in rapid walking, slides uncontrollably forward, leaving long scratches on the smooth flagging to show the result. The longer the step the more danger there is from this cause. A few nails, set at greater distances apart, would insure safety by furnishing more surface of leather, and consequently more friction for walking on smooth pavements.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A Round About Way.

"That's a funny thing," remarked the veteran telegraph operator in a downtown newspaper office one night last week, as he bent over his key listening to the clicking of the instrument. "The operator in the office of the Boston *Globe* wanting to speak to his chief in the main office in Boston a few blocks away from him, talked to him through a New York newspaper office. The message traveled 500 miles to get a few blocks. But such things often happen in our business. In the great blizzard of 1888 a man in this city who wanted to assure his family in Boston that he was safe sent a cable dispatch to them by way of Europe, and when it came, got a reply by cable."—*New York Tribune.*

The Polite Letter-Writer.

To compose a note that is at once graceful, courteous, and to the point, is the consummation of art. Letter-writing is far easier, from the fact that there space is allowed for explanation and detail. But when four small sheets of paper is the extreme limit, it requires tact and discretion to say just what is to say. Again it is the law of selection, and a backward glance over one's occasional correspondence will soon show how clumsy the majority of people are with their pens. A few cardinal rules are to be observed in deference to good form. The first is a rigid exclusion of perfumes from one's portfolio. No matter how faint and fine the odor, correct style forbids any infringement of this edict. Those who have seen John Drew in one of his most popular parts as a swell society man will remember how eagerly he seizes the square envelope handed by his servant, and then, catching a breath of the scented paper, throws it contemptuously aside, saying, "Bah! I thought it was from a lady." Colored paper is also doubtful. Many cultivated persons affect delicate tints, but thick or thin, rough or smooth, cream-laid and white paper are the only sorts that are absolutely satisfactory. It is advisable to avoid exaggerated or *outre* shapes, and a conservative acknowledgment of fashion's vagaries in *papeterie* marks the fastidious man or woman. One had best use a moderately large square envelope, with paper to correspond, that folds over once exactly, to make a snug fit in its case. One almost hesitates to touch upon the subject of crests, they are so generally used; but in this country, where such things are ignored and the most gorgeous coat of arms and motto can be had at the nearest stationer's shop, any insignia are pointless and in slightly questionable taste.—*Illustrated American.*

How polite we are to the first man to ask a question, and how we hate the tenth man who asks it!

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondences Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

LOIS.—See Ione.

ELLA.—See Kate.

M. S. A.—Make the best of the six weeks.

KATE JUNIOR.—Same as you do—that he's nice.

No. 9.—Jovial, practical, reserved and prudent.

SHEILA.—Generous, a little careless, cheerful and sincere.

MYSTICA, Belleville.—The writer you refer to is a woman.

ONE OF THE PARTY.—Energy, self-esteem, self will and suspicion are marked in your writing.

GIENT.—Your writing shows cunning, courage, intuitive perception, obstinacy and self-reliance.

NORA CREINA, Winnipeg.—Energy, hauteur, self reliance, order and ambition are indicated by your writing.

ETHEL, Picton.—Courage, order, generosity, self-will and pride are the chief characteristics of your writing.

MYRTLE.—The name Ethel means noble; Myra and Marion, bitterness; Susan, a lily; and Margaret a pearl.

JENNY WREN.—You are doubtless warm-hearted, self-esteeming and a little too uncharitable and undecided.

HONEY, Goderich.—You are probably persistent, prudent and careful, with good intuition and decided cheerfulness.

G F.—You write regarding a photo, but do not enclose it. Delineation is only through this column and not privately.

HECTOR.—Ambition, moody and variable temperament, jealousy, hasty temper, and perseverance are shown in your writing.

SIMCOE.—This specimen indicates a strong will, a moody temperament, dislike of ostentation, some selfishness and slowness in decision.

DAPHNE AND IRENE.—Sensitiveness, energy, selfishness, earnestness in any undertaken project, a lively disposition and a tendency to shift care on others.

ONE OF THREE.—It is much better form for a man to offer his arm to a woman. Your writing displays suspicion, reserve, erratic temperament and some pride.

IONE.—I am sorry the issue mentioned did not contain your answer. The writing shows vanity, good initiative powers, generosity, quiet tastes and cordiality.

SPARROW.—Hearts and cards are simple games, which sometimes amuse little companies, when all present do not play any good game. See Nemo for delineation.

HOSPITAL.—Sandwiches of fine-cut tongue, coffee or chocolate cake and fruit will be quite plenty. Serve the refreshments daintily and it will be a success. See Nemo.

I WONDER.—Your writing is that a disturbed individual you must be, after all that persecution. Your writing shows an irritable will, self-esteem, candor, ambition and a cheerful disposition.

ALVERETTA.—Impulse, variable temper, cheerfulness, energy and sincerity are denoted by your writing. Send the photograph if you wish to, and will return or destroy it as you desire.

CHIGNON.—Letters of this sort need not, as a rule, deplore their want of conceit. Don't worry about yours. 1. Writing exhibits a genial and frank temperament, vanity, carelessness and cordiality.

NEMO.—1. It would be impossible to say. 2. Writing shows indecision, flippancy, carelessness, sincerity and a frank and affectionate disposition. 3. The English equivalent of *a tot* is "to thee."

FAITH.—It was not at all unusual. The writing signifies a cheerful disposition, vanity, sanity, practical ability, and tendency to be very charitable. The writer is probably impulsive and energetic in manner and speech

LIBBIE.—The writing is tender and prudent, the eyes very mischievous and yet thoughtful, the chin displays energy and decisive, and the nose a sensitive and refined nature. Have decided to write to you as you wish.

TARIFF, Belleville.—Your letters could not have reached me. The writing shows indecision, a genial outspoken manner, justice and sincerity. You are ambitious and carelessly content by turns, with some self will.

M. A. W.—Did you mean to ask me if I believed in palmistry? If so, I must confess the same faith in it, and I do think that small ears are often fastened to the head of a clumsy person. 2. See "A Victim of Circumstances."

JANE EYRE.—A delineation from a tin-type is not very satisfactory, but if you choose to send one, I will do my best with it. 2. Writing shows impulsive temper, tenderness, energetic temperament, wit in repartee and persistence.

GERLIE.—This writing is very uncommunicative. It seems to be all done according to fixed rules and regulations, and is not remarkable for anything save the unusual quantity of t's and the extreme illegibility. Seriously speaking, see Honey for delineation.

JULIUS.—1. They must be genuine, I should think. 2. Your writing displays cordiality, self-esteem, persistence, dislike of display and sensitiveness. The enclosed denotes sincerity, delicacy of thought and feeling, tenderness, caution and an unaffected disposition.

MARGUERITE.—I must protest against your use of the short name. It belongs to an old correspondent, and if you write again please use another name. The writing shows much justice, honesty, ambition and sympathy. You are besides orderly, persistent and imaginative.

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.—Pour melted tallow upon fresh y spilt ink, when the damaged fabric is linen, and after lying for a time the stain will disappear in the wash. Use a old stain try salts of lemon. 2 Writing shows indecisiv, selfishness, order, a lack of charity, suspicion and self-esteem.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—You have likely found before now that the various recommendations of well-meaning and confident friends, aided by time have effected a cure for the poison I am sorry I could not reply before. Generosity, sincerity, geniality, persistent will and loquacity are shown by your writing.

KATE.—Your suspicion that I am patient is quite correct. The same suspicion of my patience has fallen to me, though I must say it is sometimes a mistake. Your writing shows selfwill, some vanity and suspicion. You are moreover unnecessarily suspicious of your lover, disposed to be uncharitable but are persevering and sincere.

MINNEHAHA.—1. Could not say. 2. Yes, a note of thanks is a courtesy which should not be disregarded, but one addressed to a gentleman friend by his christian name, unless you have very good reasons for doing so. 3 Eyes do "flirt" as you say, but they should not. You are probably thoughtless, with a hasty temper, persistent will and firm in his purpose.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.—The origin of the popular superstition regarding thirteen at table is somewhat disputed. There are those who point out that there were exactly this number mentioned in the Biblical account of the Last Supper. 2. You are careless in disposition, merry, proud, somewhat defiant but kind-hearted. Should think you were steadily ambitious in some one direction.

Toilet Bags
Dressing Cases
Writing Cases
Satchels
Purses
Chatelaines
Cigar and Cigarette Cases
&c., &c.

All New Goods and Latest Styles at

H. E. Clarke & Co.

105 King St. West

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment
LONDON
"The Hotel de Luxe o' the World."
MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW
LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH
BATH ROOMS
SHADED ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERY WHERE. NO GAS
SAVOY RESTAURANT
WITH LARGE TERRACE. THE FINEST AND ONLY OPEN AIR RESTAURANT IN LONDON, Overlooking the Embankment and Gardens.
THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.
Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER.
Acting Manager, M. ECHENARD.
General Manager M. RITZ

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While they do most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

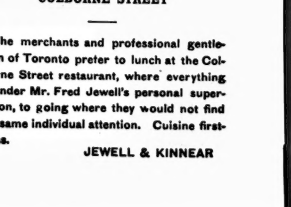
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.

TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Sole Agents, Toronto.



Jewell & Kinnear
COLBORNE STREET

The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.

JEWELL & KINNEAR

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER III.

"THE LETTER."

They—that is, Mrs. Callander, Henrietta, and Dorothy—waited in vain for a letter from the colonel.

A week had passed, and he made no sign. Dorothy was very uneasy, much more so than Henrietta or his mother, neither of whom shared her profound forebodings of evil. To them his abstraction, his indifference to all that formerly interested him, the distressed expression of his eyes, sometimes so dull, sometimes wild and restless, were only marks of natural but unusually deep grief. To Dorothy they were indications of mental anguish too strong for the control of reason.

She had written more than one letter to the hotel at Fordsea, where she believed Callander had put up, but he took no notice of them.

It was, therefore, with a sense of infinite relief she heard Collins tap at the door, as she was changing her warm out-door dress for one of lighter material, and say, in a brisk,cheerful tone:

"If you please, miss, the Colonel has come. He is in the drawing-room, and I am going to bring Miss Dolly and Master Herrie."

"Yes, do, Collins. I will come directly. Oh! thank God!" she ejaculated to herself, and hastened to finish dressing.

Callander was sitting by the fire in a large arm-chair, his hand on Dolly's head. Both children were standing by him most demurely, gazing with wondering awed eyes at their now half-forgotten father. All seemed silent.

'Dear Herbert, I am so delighted to see you!' cried Dorothy, running to greet and embrace him. He smiled absently, and stretched out his hand to her. "Why did you not write? I felt so anxious about you.

"I was quite well. I had nothing to write about. Where is Henrietta?

"She has gone to spend the afternoon and dine with some friends who are passing through on their way to Algeria. But you will dine with me, will you not?

"Yes. I came here for my dinner."

"Don't you find the children looking well? Roy has quite recovered his looks and strength."

Callander looked earnestly at little Dolly, and suddenly lifting her, hugged her close to his breast and smothered her with kisses, till the child, half-frightened, struggled to get down.

"Me too—me too!" cried the boy, eager, as usual, to be noticed. Callander took him up more soberly, and kissed him.

"How old is the little fellow?" he asked, in a dreamy voice.

"Nearly two years. Is he not a big boy?" Callander did not reply. He let the child tug at his chain.

But Dolly, with some vague instinct of pity, nestled close to her father, and taking his hand, which hung listlessly down, put it round her neck.

"My little darling!" he said softly, in a tone more like his old natural voice than Dorothy had heard for some time. The next moment he said to her, almost in a whisper:

"Send them away, Dorothy—do send them away!"

The children were not particularly reluctant to retire when Mrs. M'Hugh appeared, and said good-night demurely.

The tete-a-tete which ensued was very trying. Callander sat quite still, answering the observations she forced herself to make from time to time with monosyllables, or the briefest possible sentences. She thought dinner would never be announced. When, at length, they were at table she was surprised at her brother-in-law's voracious appetite. Collins waited on him with evident delight, no doubt thinking that nothing can be far amiss when a man can take his meals heartily. It increased Dorothy's uneasiness to observe how utterly oblivious Callander was of all the little attentions he used to pay his *coquettes* with such kindly politeness. He was absorbed in what he was eating, and drank eagerly the claret-and-water supplied him by the attentive Collins.

How Dorothy longed for Standish. She was growing nervous—foolishly nervous.

When they returned to the drawing-room Callander again took the large easy chair. Dorothy began some needlework and sat opposite him, in token of her readiness to converse, if he was so inclined. He kept silence so long that Dorothy thought he was asleep.

Suddenly he sat upright and exclaimed, "You are not like her, and yet you are. You haven't her beauty!"

"I know that well, Herbert," she returned, hoping he would relieve his mind by talking of the dead.

"Still, she looks out of your eyes at me sometimes, Dorothy, and then I don't know whether I hate or love you. You are proud to be a daughter to me, and you are a good, kind girl. You must always take care of those poor children."

"Yes, I will, to the best of my ability," said Dorothy, with difficulty keeping back her tears.

"You must never let my mother get hold of them, mind that."

"I hope you will stay with them and order what is to be done for them. As to Mrs. Callander, why are you so unkind to her? She is very unhappy.

"Because I cannot forget how unkind she was to my lost darling," he returned, sternly. "And you should not forget it either. I can never forgive her. And she wants to make out that I am weak—weak in brain! She sent that fellow, Dillon, to dog my steps down at Fordsea."

"Indeed, I am sure she did not. He often goes down to Eastport in his endless search for traces of—of—" she hesitated.

"Of the murderer," added Callander, with composure. "—Ah, he may search, but I—I alone must—shall, I tell you. I may wait, but I will have my revenge—by my own hand."

Dorothy felt uneasy, but she wisely avoided contradicting him, and so kept silence. Callander, now fully roused, stood up and began to pace the room.

"What has Egerton been doing? Has he written?"

"Yes—he thinks he has found some traces."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Callander—rather a terrible laugh. "He will never find the murderer away there!—never!" And he paused opposite her.

At all events, he said in his letter to Paul Standish——"

"Standish!" repeated Callander, with a deadly, bitter tone, that made the word sound like a curse. "Why do you speak his name to me? I wonder you dare!" And he resumed his restless walk. This seemed to Dorothy an opportunity for an explanation of his mysterious dislike to her guardian.

"I do not know why I should not name him, Herbert. Tell me why you dislike him. It might relieve your mind."

"Tell you!" he repeated, "tell you! I have sometimes wished to tell you, that you might know what a subtle devil——" He broke off, and muttered something to himself. "There," he resumed, "you loved her well. You would shield her memory well."

"I would do anything for her sake—anything to comfort you!" cried poor Dorothy, unable to restrain her tears.

Callander paced the room in silence for another minute, then he suddenly sat down by her on the sofa, which was her usual seat, and, taking both her hands, which he held tightly, he said, low and quick: "I will tell you all—all! I found it out before—just before—we lost her. It was my mother pointed it out! But before that, before I left India—there was a change, a faint change, in her letters. You may not have seen it—no one would have seen it but a lover such as I was! I felt and knew that something had come between us." Dorothy sat listening, motionless, with curdling blood. Had he indeed discovered the truth?

"My mother wrote that Standish almost lived with her and you, but I would not notice her insinuations. Then I came home, and I knew there was a change. Still, she had some love for me, but he was always at her ear! He would not let her come away with me alone! That would have made all right. So I determined to have his life! But she—she—my poor voice failed him, and he paused, panting, big drops standing on his brow.

"Paul Standish!" cried Dorothy, wrenching her hands from him, all her force and courage returning. "Paul Standish is as innocent as I am. What—who put this horrible idea into your head? You did not believe your mother, who told you this horrible lie?

"It is no lie!" he said, with a moan like that of a creature in pain. "I saw it in her own writing."

"She never wrote anything to Paul Standish which the whole world might not see. Who has imposed upon you?

"Ah! you do not know. Neither she nor he would speak of such evil things to you. But, Dorothy, I will have patience, subtlety be profound as his, and patience. I will punish him yet, cruelly, unrelentingly. God! I feel my wrath on his throat now!" and he clenched both his own, looking awfully wild, the fine, strong face she knew so well distorted by passion to a demon like expression.

Dorothy felt as if Paul's doom was fixed, that nothing could save him. She—she only could undeceive the wretched man before her.

"You are wrong, Herbert!" she said, bravely and steadily. "I can prove that you are wrong; I can prove that Mabel always loved you, that you do Paul Standish the greatest injustice. Will you wait, Herbert, for a few minutes, and will you read what I bring you?"

Callander, checked and astonished by her words and impressive manner, stopped, silent and still. "What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You shall see," she cried, and flew away upstairs to where, in the secret drawer of her dressing-case, enclosed in a black envelope, lay the letter she had never been able to deliver into Egerton's hands. All fear, all hesitation was gone. What matter any danger to herself from the fury of the excited man she had left behind? What matter the desperate retribution she might bring down on the real offender! Everything was secondary to the desire of proving that Mabel was really true to her husband, that Standish was innocent of the hideous treachery attributed to him—all consequences were swallowed up in this overpowering motive.

Almost breathless she returned to the drawing-room. Callander was standing exactly where she had left him.

He stretched out his hand eagerly.

"One moment, Herbert. There are one or two things to tell first." Rapidly, yet with a prudence which was almost inspiration, she told of the curious mesmeric power which Egerton had gained over her sister, of her dread that Callander might be suspicious, of Mabel's confession of her unhappiness and fear of Egerton's violence should she show affection to her husband. "Then she determined to end this wretched, contemptible state of things, and wrote this, which I was to give to him, but she never had a chance, for she died treacherously a few days after." She took the note from its outer cover and gave it to Callander. He took it, and looked curiously at the address with dilated, horror-struck eyes. His hands trembled while he tore it open. She watched him eagerly as he read the contents, every word of which was engraven on her memory—all fear, all personal feeling, lost in the intense desire to clear the two creatures she loved best from the terrible accusation in which Callander believed.

"I cannot bear my life, so ran the letter, "if you continue to exercise the extraordinary power I have let you gain over me. I told you this before in the last lines I wrote. Now I will break my fetters, and dare to act as my heart and conscience dictate. My husband loves me; in spite of all you say I believe he loves me, and I really love him. I only fear you, Randal, and I cannot understand how you gained the power over me which you have, if you intended to realise it. If you ever cared for me, if you have any principle, any sense of honor, leave me to regain peace and happiness. You can never persuade me to leave my dear, good husband. I shudder to think I ever listened to you for a moment. Show that you have some real regard for me by going far away, and earn the gratitude of

"Mabel."

Callander's chest heaved. He drew his breath in gasps. When he came to the end he looked up with wild, angry eyes, and crushing the paper in his hand said, in fierce, quick tones:

"Egerton was your lover—he wanted to marry you."

"He pretended it."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Callander, in a tone so anguished that thrilled Dorothy to hear, and he dropped into a chair as if shot, sitting upright, motionless, like a creature turned to stone.

Dorothy was terrified at the effect of her confession. What should she do?

"Oh, Herbert! speak to me."

He stared at her as if not understanding what she said, and covered his face with his hands, leaning forward until his brow almost touched his knees. Then he stood up, began smoothing out the letter, and kissed it. "She loved me," he said brokenly—"she loved me still. I cannot speak to you, my poor child. I must go. I have no good. At last I went to the hotel once more, and there he was all right, just come in, and the waiter was going to take him a brandy and water and bring him to go up, and asked if he had any commands for me to-morrow. He was lying back, dead beat like, in his chair, and as the man picked up his boots to take them away, I saw there was some mould and grass sticking to the soles. He didn't take much notice of me, but presently he rose up and bid me give him three dressing-gown, and as I helped him off with his coat I saw that the back and one side was all marked with grass and mould, as if he had lain on ground, yet he didn't look as if he had had a fit."

"A fit! What a notion, Collins!" cried Miss Oakeley. "Did he say he would go to bed?"

"He didn't say nothing, ma'am, except, when I asked, said I might come over early in the morning, and I'm going early—and if you please, I met Mr. Dillon coming out, and he has been down at Fordsea. He heard something as took him there, and he saw the colonel once or twice. He says, miss, as the colonel would kill himself if he were let go on the way he did. He used to go out of bathing in this sharp, cold weather!—out in a boat, so far as I can make out, with the old boatman as used to row Mrs. McHugh and the children last summer—sometimes he went with him, and sometimes without; but he was always saying it was hot, and how it set him up to have a dip."

"How extraordinary!" cried Dorothy.

"How dreadfully imprudent!" said Henrietta.

"Any ways, Mr. Dillon had been talking with the old boatman—and he said as how the colonel was as nice and liberal a gentleman as ever, but that quiet and silent!—may be, the walk water didn't do him no good. Mr. Dillon wanted to know when Mr. Standish would be back. He'd been to his rooms, and he was out of town."

"That is very provoking!" said Henrietta. "How I wish the colonel would make up with him!" Dorothy frowned at her as a warning to be prudent, and said: "You must be tired, Collins—you had better have some supper and go to bed?"

"Thank you, Miss! I will—and if you don't mind my waiting at breakfast, I'll go round early to the colonel."

"Oh, yes, pray do!" exclaimed Miss Oakeley.

"Thank God, he seems all right," she continued when they were alone. "Brandy and soda, Dorothy, and bed."

"Will he ever be himself again?" asked Dorothy with a deep sigh.

"Yes! I think he will," returned Henrietta thoughtfully. "Men always recover. Now that we know that he is safe, let us go to bed; I am most dreadfully tired. How I wish Paul Standish had not an alibi!"

"So do I. In fact he must come back; I shall telegraph for him the first thing to-morrow morning," said Dorothy hurriedly.

"I am sure you are right! I shall be glad to see him!"

"But Henrietta!" began Dorothy, hesitatingly, and stopping herself to secure a *tete a-tete* with Standish, which she felt to be indispensable, "I hope you will not think me unfriendly or unkind, but I must see Paul alone."

"Good gracious! Why?"

"Because I must tell him some things—Oh, some things that Herbert said to me about Paul in confidence, which I hope will make them friends again!"

"And don't you suppose they would both tell me as soon as they would you?"

"Oh, very likely!—only for the present I want to say my say to Paul Standish alone. You know I have been accustomed to tell him everything from a child."

"Oh, very well!—but of course he will pass it all on to me. I suppose he cannot be here before twelve! I'll go early to lunch with my aunt, who does not seem to get over her cold; and no doubt when I return you will tell me everything."

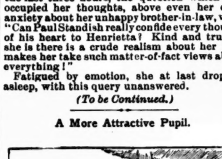
"Perhaps so," said Dorothy, anxious to escape from the subject; but above all, desirous to secure a private interview with Standish.

Still quivering with the strain and terror of the last three hours, the question which last occupied her thoughts, above even her deep anxiety about her unhappy brother-in-law, was: "Can Paul Standish really confide every thought of his heart to Henrietta? Kind and true as she is there is a crude realism about her that makes her take such matter-of-fact views about everything!"

Fatigued by emotion, she at last dropped asleep, with this query unanswered.

(To be Continued.)

A More Attractive Pupil.



Miss Beauty—Miss Plainface told me that you taught her how to sew last lesson, Mr. Dashing. I wish you would teach me!

Jack Dashing—I'm sure I should be delighted, Miss Beauty.

Miss Beauty—And how many lessons do you think I should want?

Jack Dashing—Oh, I think at least a dozen. —*Munsey's Weekly.*

He Had Enough.

I was sitting in the rear end of a Chicago street car, and on the platform were the conductor and a young man of 20. I wasn't looking at either particularly when I saw the young man slide his hand down into the conductor's sack-coat pocket, where he kept his change. The conductor had his head turned away, but of a sudden he dropped his right hand, caught the other man's wrist, and with a move which seemed the easiest thing in the world bent the fellow's arm back and broke it with a snap. As the bone broke the victim's clenched hand opened and a lot of silver was scattered on the platform.

"Got enough?" asked the conductor as he let go.

"Yes, sir."

"Then git."

And the thief, who never even cried out, but whose face was white with the pain, dropped off the step and was lost to view.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fishing in the Future.

I was fishing from a small boat on a beautiful lake near a large city. During the five hours since daybreak I had been patiently sitting in the burning sun waiting vainly for a bite. The occupants of the boats around me were doing the same, and the spectacle was monotonous one. All the money expended for tackle and bait was wasted, and all the bright dreams of anticipated sport failed to realize. Just when I was giving up in disgust I pulled in a poor little fish, whose struggles and gasps when I tore the hook from the bleeding gills touched my pity and conscience, and I felt as if I was wicked and useless cruelty I was perpetrating. I sadly went back to my farmer landlord, whose glowing advertisements of "fine fishing" had lured me, and told him he was a fraud. "Wa'l, mebbe you're right," grinned the old granger, "but if I didn't say there was good fishin' I wouldn't get no boarders. Fact is there hain't an' can't be fish nigh a city, wha' so many folks go arter 'em. I own that I own a farm, an' if I could her fish a plenty I'd make a fortune. B'gosh I'd give my farm to any fellow who'd satisfy such sports as you, with more money than brains, an' full of the fishin' fever."

When I went home to the city I thought of what the old man said, which resulted in my ultimate possession of his farm, and also of his making a fortune.

Noticing that hunters, unable to go a distance from home, are constantly on the hunt for scarcer than fish, enjoy the sport of shooting clay pigeons, and get even more fun and excitement out of it than tramping all day in the sun for a shot, I struck the idea that anglers might take to artificial fishing in like manner. So I got an inventing friend to get up some rubber inflated fish, painted and jointed to resemble real ones, that would swim under the water naturally, and, when they took the hook would, by means of machinery setting the flies in motion by the bite, give the anglers the biggest kind of a fight to land them. By magnetizing the hooks and the fishes' noses the bites were obtained and certain species were prepared in different ways, so as to please the most skilful angler as well as the ordinary pot-fisherman.

One out of each hundred of the patented rubber fish contains a prize large enough to furnish the lucky catcher with more delight than he ever knew when fishing in the old-fashioned way.

The scheme proved, of course, to be a grand success. The farmer's enlarged hotel was filled the year round at high prices, and the strings of fish brought in and proudly exhibited and searched for prizes were a sight. No one was "skunked," and everyone was crazily happy.

I beat clay pigeon shooting all hollow, and, as the fish never wore out, the cost of re-stocking the lake was nothing.

But the old farmer who wouldn't share his patent, ruined all the other fine resorts within fifty miles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Fellow Feeling.

Times are not what they used to be—then, one had a heart to feel for another.

"I give and bequeath to Lucy, my wife, the sum o' one hundred pounds a year," said a well-to-do old farmer.

"Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old—she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ay, do they," said the farmer. "Well, write again, and say if my wife marries again I will give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

The Mystery of House-Building.

If you once get to building you never get through. We thought weeks ago we were through, but every two or three days a mysterious looking man will come along with a box of tools in his hand, drive a nail somewhere and go out. In a few more days, when we have concluded that we have seen the last of the builders, another man comes along with a new color of paint and paints a streak on the wall and goes out. We do not know what this procession means, or how long it will last, but it seems to be a part of the work, so we try not to appear to be surprised and ask no questions when we see a new kind of tool in his hand comes in.—*Atchison Globe.*

TORONTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.

AGENTS AND DEALERS IN

Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments

OF ALL KINDS.

Sheet Music, Music Books, Etc.

Terms and prices moderate in all Musical goods.

346 QUEEN STREET WEST

TORONTO

"4711" WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP

Fragrant and Delightful to use. Sold in 4-Ounce Cakes. Guaranteed. The trade mark "4711" on every cake.

GENERAL AGENTS

LYMAN, KNOX & CO. - - - { Montreal / Toronto

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"

THOMSON'S

Glove-fitting

Trade Mark.

CORSET

The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.

Approved by the whole polite world.

ANNUAL SALE OVER ONE MILLION PAIRS

To be had of all Dealers throughout the world.

SEE THAT MEDAL.

FITS LIKE A GLOVE

MANUFACTURERS:

W. S. THOMSON & CO., Limited, LONDON

SOLID GOLD FILLED

35 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring.

This ring is made of Two Heavy Plates of SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD, over composition metal, and is warranted to wear twenty years. Sent postpaid. Price, guaranteed sent with each ring. Private stamps taken. Ring gauges sent free. Sold from a regular $10 ring. To introduce our wonderfully popular goods and the ring, to any one who will show our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, Pedlers, Hawkers, etc., we will give one ring free for every one sold at the price advertised before. Order in post or cash. Mention name of your paper. Address

SELLS & Co., 118 Yonge St, Toronto, Canada.

JERSEY KOUMISS

MANUFACTURED BY

DAN TAYLOR & CO.

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

All physicians who have had experience with Jersey Koumiss say that its beneficial results are most marked in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Consumption or any derangement of the stomach.

Price $1 per Doz., or 10c. per Bottle

Arcade Pharmacy

133 Yonge Street

Telephone 1166

N. B.—Orders delivered to any part of the city.

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

Dunn's Mustard

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOURTH YEAR

OVER 1,200 PUPILS LAST THREE YEARS

Pupils may enter at any time. Send for 96 page calendar containing announcements for present season—gratis—to EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, Cor. Yonge st. and Wilton ave.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatory, Leipzig Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 349 Jarvis Street

MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in

Voice Culture and Expression in Singing

At his residence,

3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

MISS MARIE C. STRONG PRIMO-CONTRALTO

OPEN FOR

CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

Also receives pupils in Voice Culture and Pianoforte Playing, after September 1. For terms and circulars address 39 Bond Street, Toronto.

LLOYD N. WATKINS

303 Church Street

Thorough instruction on Bass Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

M. E. WELLS

Teacher of Piano and Elocution—Latest Method

For terms apply 96 Gould Street.

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To accommodate those living at a distance

MR. THOS. SINGLETON, Port Hope, Ont., Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

WALTER DONVILLE

Teacher of Violin

Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.

Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI

Pianoforte pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg, late principal professor of singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., is now a resident of Toronto, and gives lessons in singing to ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional students, and specially prepares pupils for all branches of the musical profession—operatic, concerts and oratorios. Voice production is one of Signor Rubini's specialties. Terms moderate. Circulars on application at residence, No. 7 Metcalf Street, or to Messrs. Nordheimer's or Messrs. Suckling & Sons. Evening classes for gentlemen.

MISS ALICE WALTZ

Late Solo Soprano, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. John's R. C. Church, Philadelphia.

CONCERT, ORATORIO AND RECITAL

Pupils received in Voice Culture

382 Park Road

V. P. HUNT, PUPIL OF CARL Reinecke, Graduate Leipzig Conservatory of Music, teacher of pianoforte, Toronto Conservatory of Music; director of music, Oshawa Ladies' College; organist, Zion Congregational Church; teacher of piano, organ and theory of music. Applications received at the Conservatory, corner Yonge street and Wilton avenue, or residence, 150 Wilton ave.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Basso-Cantante Pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor "Toronto Vocal Society." Voice Culture and Singing. Instruction for Oratorio, Opera and Concerts. 555 Church St.

S. H. CLARK

ELOCUTIONIST

(Open for Concert engagements and full evenings of Readings.)

PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION

68 Winchester Street - - Toronto

LOWE'S ACADEMY

OF

Bookkeeping, Shorthand & Typewriting

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

278 Spadina Avenue and 184 Parliament Street

Pupils are taught above subjects privately and thoroughly for $5.

CANADIAN COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.

Incorporating Canadian Business University, Bengough's Shorthand Institute, Warriner's Courses of Higher Commercial Training.

Established 1860. Telephone 1555. } PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO.

Pulsons shorthand school. 500 graduates in good positions. Most modern and practical commercial course New Calendar in preparation—sent free to any address.

SPECIAL SUMMER SESSION

During July. Shorthand and business courses separately or combined. Send for circular.

THOS. BENGOUGH, W. A. WARRINER } Bengough & Warriner

DANCING

PROF. THOMAS'

ACADEMY

Late of 393 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 344 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall above the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice. Telephone No. 1580.

TRULY CALLED THE

GREATEST MEDICINE in the WORLD

Absolutely Guaranteed to Cure

The public invited to investigate personally. Pamphlets, Testimonials and advice free. Call or address Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 139 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., sole owners and manufacturers for the Dominion. Beware of impositions. See our Trade Mark.

J. W. L. FORSTER Portraits a Specialty **ARTIST**

STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

F. W. MICLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto

SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.

"THE BEST"

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET

ROOMS GOLDEN LION, R. WALKER & SONS, King St. East.

MISS PATON has just returned from New York fully prepared to entertain and undertake the commands of her many patrons. Her rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the coming styles and modes, having the latest French, English and American fashions. Invites an early visit and inspection.

Toronto, September 13.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM

THE CHOICEST LINES OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First-Class Restaurant in Connection

E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

GEO. W. COOLEY, 567 Yonge St.

IMPORTER OF

WINES AND LIQUORS

Wholesale and Retail

Sole Agent for Florida Wines

Telephone 3089

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis.

DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church St.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY Architectural Sculptor

IN STONE AND WOOD

86 Yonge Street Arcade

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B

Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

PATTERSON & FENTON

Dentists

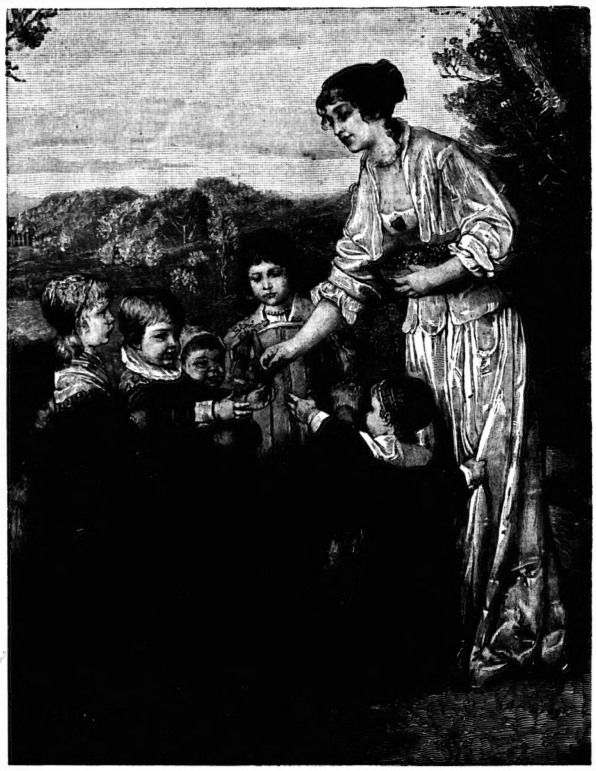
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE	DOWN TOWN OFFICE
169 COLLEGE ST.	141 YONGE ST.

DR. McLAUGHLIN

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth



DIVIDING THE CHERRIES.

LOST

All tenderness and soreness of the feet since we have been buying our

BOOTS AND SHOES

From that old reliable house of

H. & C. BLACHFORD

AMERICAN GOODS A PECIALTY

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

Pickles sells good shoes
Pickles sells good boots
Pickles Store is at 328 Yonge St.

James Whitham & Co.'s CELEBRATED

POLICE BOOTS

For men's Fall and Winter wear.

Also reliable goods from many of the leading makers, suitable for every

WALK of life.

WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

8 MORE ONE WAY EXCURSIONS

TO

British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon and California

Leave TORONTO 11 p.m. FRIDAY,

Sept. 19th	Nov. 14, 28
Oct. 3, 17, 31	Dec. 12, 26

Running through to Vancouver without change.

On September 17

A Special Party will leave TORONTO at 8 a.m. for

CALIFORNIA

Via CHICAGO, in charge of DR. J. W. OAKLEY.

For Berths and all information apply to any Agent of the Company, or write

W. R. CALLAWAY, 24 York Street, Toronto.

LOOK

FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

---

438 YONGE ST.

OPP. CARLTON STREET.

MISS HOLLAND

Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of

French Patterns in Millinery

Together with novelties in

Flowers, Ribbons, &c.

Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

AND

SPECTACLES

Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

J. FOSTER, 13 King Street West

Niagara Falls Line

STEAMER

Empress of India

Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. for Port Dalhousie, making close connect one for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, and all points east.

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 40 p.m., Port Dalhousie and return, 50c.

Sold 2 trains. Quick time. Tickets at all G T. R. and Empress of India agents and on wharf.

Steamship, Rail and Boat Agency

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

Chicora and Cibola

Lovely summer route to

Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Points

Special attention given to Church and Society excursions.

Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to

ROBINSON & HEATH

Custom House Brokers, 69½ Yonge St.

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

All the Go Lancers
By Chas. Bohner ..... .50
Kathie (military) Schottische
By Arthur M. Cohen ..... .35
Sounds of Toronto Waltzes
By Chas. Bohner ..... .60
Song—Memory
By H. Tourjee ..... .50
Haute Volee Rye
By Bohner ..... .40
On Time Jersey
By Bohner ..... .40
Avant Garde March
By Gowan ..... .35

Everything in the Musical line, up to the times, and at right prices.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES

76 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.

Telephone 2104

Arthur M. Bowman

Proprietor

THE GOLDEN HORSE

Lugsdin & Barnett

SADDLERS

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Trunks, Valises, Bags, Riding Saddles

ALSO COMPLETE LINES IN

Riding Whips and Crops, Horse Boots Horse Sheets, Coolers, Waterproof Goods

And Every Description of Horse Gear.

Specialties in Sole Leather and Military Work

Lugsdin & Barnett

115 YONGE STREET

Carpets Cleaned

On the floor or taken up and cleaned—any way to please you

Our patrons appreciate our efforts to please them, because we try to be as prompt as possible with our work. Telephone to 3751, or send a card to

The Toronto Carpet Renovating Co.

509 1-2 Yonge Street

DYE WORKS

Our Specialties—Ostrich Feathers, Kid Gloves, Ladies Dress Goods, Jackets, etc.

A. JAMES, 153 Richmond Street West, Toronto

White Enamel Letters

FOR WINDOWS

Caesar Bros.' Patent.

The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.

Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.

4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

WELLINGTON STOTT

170 King Street West - - Toronto

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

est daughter of the late C. E. Stewart, and Mr. Frederick Clarence Jarvis of Toronto were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Long before the wedding hour the church was crowded with spectators, and at 3 30 o'clock the groom appeared, attended by Mr. Arnold Morphy of Toronto. They had not waited long ere the bride came, attended by her five bridesmaids wearing gowns of grey brocaded lustre, trimmed with crepe de chine and silver, with very pretty hats to match. They carried exquisite bouquets of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Stewart, sister of the bride, Miss Atkinson of Chatham, Miss Amy Mason of Toronto, Miss K. Mills and Miss A. Lindsey. The ushers were Mr. J. H. Moss, Mr. A. J. Boyd of Toronto, Mr. A. D. Hardy of Brantford and Master C. Meredith of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Rural Dean Forneret, assisted by Rev. Dean Geddes and Rev. R. L. Brydges of Lakewood, N. J., brother-in-law of the groom. The bride wore a handsome gown of white faille, with cream Spanish silk lace, with a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair, and a long veil of tulle. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis and the guests proceeded to Mr. Lindsey's house, where a reception was held. The bride and groom left for the east at 5.30 o'clock, amid showers of rice and good wishes for the future. SYLVIA.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. B. S. Willson gave an afternoon tea on Thursday. A large number of ladies were present, filling the drawing-room and veranda and finding pleasant little retreats on the lawn. Among those present were Mrs. Pattullo of Woodstock, Mrs. G. Stewart, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. and Miss Ida Starling, Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge, Mrs. S. Lazier, Mrs. McAnanny, Miss Hope, Mrs. Farley, Miss M. Stewart, Miss B. Roberts of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Henderson, Miss Edith Terrill, Mrs. Wills, the Misses Chandler, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Miss Casswell, Miss S. Dickson, Miss Crawford and Mrs. Falkiner.

Mr. T. C. Lazier has returned from Europe.

Mrs. Sidney Gearing of Brighton has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Northrup, at Offendene.

Mr. A. R. Wallbridge has successfully passed his examination for barrister, in Toronto.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of the manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, at Glanmore.

Miss Matie Dimond has left for Boston to attend the Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. and Miss Bleasdell of Trenton have been visiting at Mrs. McGuin's.

Mrs. George Harman of Toronto has been the guest of Miss Murney, Adjidonmo.

Miss Annie Wills is visiting relatives at Campbellford.

A most successful organ recital was given on Thursday evening in St. Thomas' church, by Mrs. Campbell, assisted by Mr. Danley. Several solos and choruses were rendered by the members of the choir.

Miss R and Master Miron Warrington and Miss Edith Terrill left on Tuesday for Montreal.

Dr. A. E liott writes from Danville, Ky., that he is much pleased with the place and with the finely-equipped hospital with which he is connected there.

Miss Mabel Burdette, daughter of S. B. Burdette, M.P., gave a large and delightful "not-out" party on Friday evening. Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Denmark were the chaperones.

PORT HOPE.

A very pleasing event took place here on September 4, when Miss Anna Howden, daughter of Major Howden of this place, was wedded to Mr. Charles Wilmot of Newcastle. Miss Howden's popularity, attached to the widespread fame she has achieved as a vocalist, which extends over the Dominion, caused the event to be looked forward to with eager expectancy, and it was with great satisfaction the public noted the ceremony was to take place publicly at St. Mark's Church. The day arrived at last, and long before the appointed hour the church was crowded with spectators. Promptly at five o'clock the bridal party entered, the bride supported by her father and followed by three bridesmaids, Miss Howden, sister of the bride, Miss Wood and Miss Burton. The groom, attended by his brother, Mr. G. C. Wilmot, met the party at the altar. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. J. S. Baker, assisted by Rev. Rural Dean Allen of Millbrook, then amid the clanging of the joy bells the happy couple left the church. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father. The bride wore a gown of white Indian silk, and carried a bouquet of roses. The profusion of rare and exquisite gifts testified to the high esteem in which the bride is held. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot left on the evening train for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon, carrying with them the hearty congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends. FRANCIS.

The ladies of Canada will see something to interest them in the beautiful display of Fancy Dress Goods, Flowers, Ribbons on view at the Misses Johnston's, 122 King street west.

She Had Angels Pretty Well Sized Up.

One summer evening an old farmer sat on his door step smoking a pipe before going to bed. Presently a tramp approached and said:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," answered the farmer.

"I have been walking a long distance," said the tramp, "and if you will permit me, I'll sit a few minutes on your doorstep."

"All right," was the answer.

The two men fell into conversation, and as the farmer discovered his guest to be an intelligent man their talk was continued until a late hour.

"Would you mind giving me a mug of cider?" asked the tramp at length.

"Not at all," said the farmer, "I will do it with pleasure."

The cider was produced and disposed of in a summary fashion, and then came the next request:

"I've traveled a good distance to-day, and I should like very much to lodge with you, if you have no objection."

"All right," answered the farmer, "I can accommodate you."

Meanwhile the wife, who had long before retired, and was listening to the conversation from her bedroom, called out:

"No, you won't; I won't have him here. Come, husband, it's time for you to come in and lock up."

"Madam," said the tramp, seriously, turning in the direction of the voice, "you should not speak so abruptly to a stranger. You might be entertaining an angel unawares."

"I ain't a mite afraid," returned the old lady calmly, "angels don't come around begging cider after dark."—*Middlebury Times.*

Force of Habit.

Johnson—Some people are continually wanting to know the why and wherefore of everything. They are not content to accept facts as they find them.

Jackson—Yes, you're right. I wonder why it is.

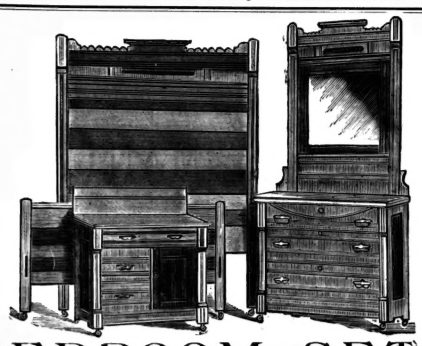
STRAUSS
HORTICULTURAL PAVILION
Afternoon and Evening Sept. 17, Afternoon Sept. 18
50—ARTISTS—50
Afternoon Prices—$1, $1.50 and $2. Evening Prices—$1, $1 and $2. Plans now open at Nordheimers'.

THIS PRETTY GIRL KNOWS

that a Health Brand Undervest is Comfort and Luxury combined.

The latest and best thing out. Just introduced. Ask to see them, but REMEMBER that unless you see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the Garment, it won't be the right thing.

For sale by W. A. MURRAY & CO.



BEDROOM SETS

When buying a Bedroom Set you should be careful only to deal with a well known and reliable firm All our Furniture is well made and from well seasoned lumber, and we have at all times been careful to avoid handling any low-priced, badly-made trash, knowing that a low price is only appreciated when the goods stand the wear and tear as well as those for which a higher price has been paid. This our

$12 50, $13.50 and $15.00 Hardwood Bedroom Sets

Will do. We show a very complete line of Bedroom Sets at prices ranging from $12 50 to $55.00, and at every price the value is the very best that money can buy. Credit, without interest or extra charge, if desired.

The C. F. Adams' Home-Furnishing House
117 YONGE STREET, 4 DOORS NORTH OF QUEEN

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE
Week September 15
SIXTH SUCCESSFUL SEASON
Of the Greatest Play of the Age, WM. GILLETTE'S Masterpiece,
HELD BY THE ENEMY
PRESENTED BY
A Most Powerful Cast and All New Scenic Effects
Matinees every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Popular Prices—15c., 25c., 35c. & 50c.
Week Sept. 22—The Meteors

KINDLING
100 Bundles for $1
SHANNON SHINGLE MANF'G CO.
559 Queen Street West
Telephones 1172 and 5613

CARD

I take much pleasure in intimating to my patrons and the public generally that I have just received my Fall and Winter importations, comprising Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Black and Fancy Worsteds for Suitings, Venetians, Beavers and Melton Overcoatings, and an exceptionally fine line of Trousersings which are now open, and would ask your early inspection.

The Fashionable West End Tailor,
HENRY A. TAYLOR.
119 King Street West.

MISS PAYNTER,
MILLINERY PARLORS
NOW OPEN
With all the Latest Novelties of the Season.
No 3 Rossin House Block,
KING STREET WEST.

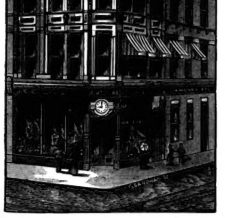
EXHIBITION SEASON
NOW IS THE TIME
Bargains Offered in Every Department at
McKeown & Co.'s
We invite the thousands of visitors to the city, during this and next week, to call and examine our
NEW FALL STOCK
Every Department replete with the latest Novelties from the British, French, and German markets.
The Success of Our Low Prices is an Established Fact
In Domestic Goods we offer this and next week Bargains without a parallel in the history of Bargain offerings.
Good large size Blankets, $1.50 per pair.
Heavy All-wool Blankets, $2.50, $3.75.
Best Super All-wool Blankets, $4, $5 and up.
Bed Comforters, a splendid assortment, 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2, $3 up.
Special Bargains in White Bed Spreads at $1, $1.25, $1 50, $1.60 and up.
Special offerings in Lace Curtains.
Special lines of Lace Curtains, clearing 50c., 65c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1 50 up.
Lace Curtains in white and cream, 3½ yards long, $2, $2.25, $2 50 pair, were sold $3 to $4.
FLANNEL DEPARTMENT
Gray Union Flannels, 10c., 12½c., 15c.
Gray All-wool Flannels, 15c., 17½c., 20c. yard in light and black colors, twilled and plain.
Best makes in All-wool Gray Flannels, 25c., 27½c., 30c.
White Saxony Flannels, all-wool, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. pair.
Navy Blue Flannels, all-wool, 22½c., 25c., 27½c., 30c.
Scarlet Flannels, all widths and prices.
A good range of Eider Down Flannels, 50c. a yard.
Fine Flannelettes at 6½c. yard, worth 10c.
Seersuckers, new dark colors, selling 5c. yard, regular price 10c.
Bargains in every department.
McKEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street

SEND TO
HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.
EVERY MINUTE
66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Visitors to the Toronto Fair are respectfully invited to visit the American Fair, 334 Yonge Street. Admission free, and will be glad to see. Our Catalogue is now ready, and the reduction in price from what you have paid elsewhere is a tempting premium. All useful articles for individuals and homes at an average of one-half you have heretofore paid. We have recently added much to the stock of our Wooden Room. A complete assortment of fine Baskets, from a noted German manufacturer, at most popular prices. A large purchase of the best makes of Wash Tubs, medium size, 55c.; ordinary size, 69c., and large, 84c. Beautifully peeled White Willow Clothes Baskets, ordinary size, 69c.; large, 79c. Send for Catalogue.
W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

HARMONY
In the arrangement of every feature is our aim in house decoration. We have facilities for obtaining it.
ELLIOTT & SON
94 and 96 Bay St. Toronto

Diamonds, first water, at lowest prices. J. E. ELLIS & CO., King and Yonge Sts., Toronto. Gold & Silver Watches, finest quality. J. E. ELLIS & CO., King & Yonge Sts. Toronto. Sterling Silver Goods, large stock, novelties. J. E. ELLIS & CO., King & Yonge Sts. Toronto.



J. E. BROWN & CO.
FINE DISPLAY
DIAMONDS
Gold and Silver Jewelry
AND
PLATED WARE
AND NOVELTIES
AT
BROWN'S
110 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

FINE TAILORING
I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on
JOHN J. TONKIN
COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

H. WILLIAMS & CO.
SLATE AND GRAVEL ROOFERS
4 Adelaide Street East
Manufacturers and dealers in Roofing Materials, Building Papers, Carpet Felt, &c. Also lay Trinidad Asphalt on Stable Floors, Cellar Bottoms, &c.

OUR
Terrific Cut on Prices
Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great
$2.75
BOYS' SUIT SALE
Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about
290
OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT
But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.
Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,
ALL GO FOR
$2.75
The Model Clothing Store
219 and 221 Yonge Street
Corner Shuter Street

SADDLE AND CARRIAGE HORSES
BY AUCTION.
There will be sold by the Canadian Breeders' Live Stock Sale Association, on
Sept. 16, 17 and 18, at London, Ont.
ABOUT
100 TRAINED HUNTERS
Saddle and Carriage Horses, also 200 general purpose Horses. Every horse will be shown in harness and saddle, and guaranteed sound and subject to veterinary inspection. Saddle Horses, Hunters and Matched Pairs sold the first day.
DOUGLAS H. GRAND, Manager,
205 Dundas Street.

R. WALKER & SONS

TORONTO'S LEADING HOUSE FOR

Ready-made Dresses

For Ladies or Children of any age.

Tea Gowns,

House Wrappers,

Dressing Jackets

Why go through all the worry and anxiety of having a dress made, with the uncertainty as to when it will be finished and whether the style will be becoming, and the certainty of paying a heavy bill, when the most fashionable dresses and tea gowns can be had ready-made, selected, fitted on, and paid for all within one hour. As this is a comparatively new department, we shall be pleased to convince any lady favoring us with the opportunity that this is one of the conveniences of the age.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 KING STREET EAST.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 691 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

TOWERS—At Midland, on September 5, Mrs. T. J. Towers—twins—son and daughter.
BARDOUR—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 22, Mrs. A. H. Barbour—a son.
ALEXANDER—At Toronto, on September 6, Mrs. J. M. Alexander—a son.
GOOCH—At Toronto, on September 7, Mrs. Fred H. Gooch—a daughter.
LEROY—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. L. J. LeRoy—a son.
MACMILLAN—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. D. F. Macmillan—a daughter.
TOMS—At Ottawa, on September 9, Mrs. Frederick Toms—a daughter.
HOATH—At Alliston, on September, 3, Mrs. J. S. Hoath—a son.
KLOTZ—At Preston, Ont., on September 9, Mrs. O. J. Klotz—a daughter.

Marriages.

SINGER—HUNTER—At Toronto, on August 27, William Forbes Singer to Minnie Hunter.
LECKIE—JONES—At Toronto, on August 8, Robert J. Leckie to Annie Jones.
AUSTON—FORD-JONES—At Waddington, Rev. H. Auston of Gananoque to Mrs. Rebecca Ogden Ford-Jones.
BIETTE—HANSEN—At Oshawa, on September 3, Fred Biette of Paisley to Lillian Hansen.
BOOTHE—FERGUSON—At Winnipeg, on August 26, Wallace W. Boothe of Toronto to Ida M. Ferguson.
MILLARD—DAVIS—At Uxbridge, on September 2, C. G. Millard of Coldwater to Cecil B. Davis.
WILSON—COULTHARD—At Picton, on September 4, Alfred Edwin Wilson to Annie Wilson Coulthard.
WILMOT—HOWDEN—At Port Hope, on September 5, Charles Wilmot of Newcastle to Anna Howden.
VANKOUGHNET—SMITH—At Toronto, on September 10, Arthur H. S. Vankoughnet to Gertrude Smith.
McMILLAN—SMITH—At Toronto, John McMillan B. A., M.D., of Chicago to Rosella Pearson.
JARVIS—STEWART—At Hamilton, on September 10, Frederick Clarence Jarvis of Toronto to Mary Ethel Stewart.
SCOTT—GUTHRIE—At Guelph, on September 10, James Scott of Toronto to Jessie Patricia Guthrie.
PENMAN—McVICAR—At Paris, Ont., on September 9, John Penman to Martha McVicar.
WILLIAMS—BACON—At Peterborough, on September 10, Robert Franks Williams of Toronto to Mary Bacon.

Deaths.

SPROAT—At Prince Albert, N. W. T., on August 20, Lieut.-Col. Alexander Sproat, aged 56 years.
NOLAN—At Toronto, on September 9, Denis Nolan, aged 73 years.
McCLELLAND—At Thorold, on September 4, Mrs. Rosetta McClelland, aged 80 years.
BANNAN—At Thornhill, on September 9, Mrs. Andrew Bannan.
SULLIVAN—At Norval, on September 9, Catharine Sullivan, aged 17 years.
FARLANE—At Collingwood, on September 6, Mrs. W. A. Farlane, aged 52 years.
CARRUTHERS—At Toronto, on September 6, Mrs. Janet Carruthers.
McKNIGHT—At Toronto, Martha Jane McKnight, aged 20 years.
McFADDEN—At Brampton, on September 5, William Douglass McFadden, aged 8 years.
PERCIVAL—At Birmingham, Eng., Lovibond Percival, aged 71 years.
HULL—At Toronto, on September 7, James Hull, aged 45 years.
McCURDY—At Toronto, on September 7, Mrs. Della McCurdy, aged 66 years.
WEST—At Cheltenham, Eng., on August 29, Rev. Thomas West.
CONNOR—At Collingwood, on August 23, Henry William Connor, aged 60 years.
EVANS—At Toronto, on September 7, Walter Evans, aged 29 years.
EDMAND—At Toronto, on September 7, Mrs. Jane Wilson Edmand, aged 16 years.
McGINNIS—At Belleville, on September 6, Alexander McGinnis, aged 73 years.
ESSERY—At Toronto, on September 3, Mrs. Helen Hooper Essery, aged 68 years.
STANLEY—At Toronto, on September 9, Mrs. R. J. Stanley, aged 43 years.
BODDY—At Toronto, on September 9, Mrs. James Boddy.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—88 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.

H. BARITTA MULL
School of Voice Culture and Singing
Opens September 1

The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.
VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

THIS WEEK

We opened our fall stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, the largest and finest selected stock in the West End, and sold at prices within the reach of all, and fit to wear in the factory or in the church. Beautifully assorted, well bought, and all guaranteed as represented. Have you ordered your overcoat yet?

T. K. ROGERS, Men's Clothier,
522 Queen St. West

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

$23.50

We are selling a

BEDROOM SUITE

with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.

You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, FOOT MUFFS, Etc

J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers, - - - 101 Yonge Street

We invite our friends visiting the great Exhibition to give us a call and inspect our immense stock.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

GLOVES!

Our Fall and Winter stock of Gloves are now opened up. They are from first hands direct to us, and a more choice assortment has never before been offered in this city.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves, long jersey style, at 20c., 25c., 35c., 40c. and 50c. per pair.

Ladies' Extra Heavy Jersey Gloves, 13 and 14 inches long, at 40c. and 50c.

Ladies' Silk Fleece Lined Gloves, at 65c., 75c. and 85c. per pair.

Children's Black and Colored Cashmere Gloves, at 20c. and 25c., all sizes.

2 cases Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves in all sizes and shades, at 75c. per pair.

2 cases "Perrin's" Fine French Kid Gloves in every new shade and in two qualities, $1 and $1.25 per pair.

Gents' Kids, at $1, $1.25 and $1.35, qualities guaranteed and shades correct, at

R. SIMPSON'S

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
MISS CHUBB
416½ Yonge St., Just South of College

MANTLE DEPARTMENT

JUST RECEIVED

= 300 =

GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES

No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish

In order to make room for our regular stock we will give 25 per cent. off every Coat bought this month.

A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.

THE GOLDEN CROWN

240 and 242 Yonge Street

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East — 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.
Receives and invests sinking funds and invests money generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)
TORONTO, ONT.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

Mason & Risch PIANOS

Visitors in the city during the Great Industrial Exhibition are most cordially invited to see and hear the celebrated MASON & RISCH PIANOS at the large and centrally-located Show-rooms, No. 32 King Street West. These instruments have received the highest praise of the most famous artists, among them the late Master, Dr. Franz Liszt. The Tone, Action, and great Durability of these Pianos have won a world-wide reputation for them. And they are a purely Canadian production, of which all true Canadians have every reason to be proud.

Mason & Risch

WAREROOMS | 32 KING ST. WEST 653 QUEEN ST. WEST | TORONTO

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

20 KING ST. WEST. TORONTO

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.